

THE
LIBERTINE:
A
TRAGEDY.

As it is Acted by Their Majesties Servants.

Written by Tho. Shadwell, Poet Laureat.



LO N D O N:

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LIBERTINE.
A
TRAGEDY.

Written by John Milton
After a Comedy by Moliere



London

Printed for H. Hills, 1700.
Price 12s. 6d.

and giving him in all kinds of assistance, and in the
awarding of offices, &c. to all kinds of persons, who
have been of service to him, and in the distribution of

To the most Illustrious Prince

WILLIAM,

DUKE, MARQUIS, and EARL

OF

Newcastle, &c.

May it please your Grace,

THE Favours have been so many and so great, which your
Grace's unwearied Bounty has conferred upon me, that I
cannot omit this opportunity of telling the World, how much
I have been obliged, and by whom. My Gratitude will not
suffer me to smother the favours in silence; nor the Pride they have
rais'd me to, let me conceal the Name of so excellent a Patron. The
honour of being favoured by the Great Newcastle, is equal with any
real Merit, I am sure infinitely above mine. Yet the encouragement
I receive from your Grace, is the certain way to make the World be-
lieve I have some desert, or to create in me the most favourable thoughts

The Epistle Dedicatory.

of my self. My Name may thus, when otherwise it would perish, live in after Ages, under the protection of your Grace's, which, is famous abroad, and will be Eterniz'd in this Nation, for your Wit beyond all Poets; ~~Judgement and Poynting~~ before all Statesmen, Courage and Conduct, above all Generals; Constancy and Loyalty, beyond all Subjects; Virtue and Temperance, above all Philosophers; for skill in Weapons, and Horsemanship, and all other Arts besetting your Quality, excelling all Noblemen. And lastly, for those eminent Servites to the service of your King and Country, with an Interest and Power much exceeding all, and with Loyalty equalling any Nobleman. And indeed, the first was so great, that it might justly have made the greatest Prince afraid of it, had it not been so strongly secured by the latter.

All these Heroick Qualities I admired, and worshipped at a distance, before I had the Honour to wait upon your Grace at your House. For so vast was your Bounty to me, as to find me out in my obscurity, and oblige me several years, before you saw me at Welbeck; where (when I arrived) I found a respect so extremely above the meanness of my Condition, that I receiv'd it with blushes; having had nothing to recommend me, but the Birth and Education, without the Fortune of a Gentleman) besides some Writings of mine, which your Grace was pleased to like. Then was soon added to my former Worship and Admiration, infinite Love, and infinite Gratitude, and a Pride of being favour'd by one, in whom I observ'd a Majesty equal with greatest Princes, yet Affability exceeding ordinary Gentlemen. A Greatness, that none e're approached without Awe, or parted from without Satisfaction.

Then (by the gr:at honour I had to be daily admitted into your Grace's publick and private Conversation) I observed that admirable Experience and Judgement surmounting all the Old, and that Vigorosness of Wit, and Smartness of Expression, exceeding all the Young, I ever knew; and not only in sharp and apt Replies, the most excellent way of purusing a Discourse, but (which is much more difficult) by giving easie and unforced occasions, the most admirable way of beginning one; and all this adapted to men of all Circumstances and Conditions. Your Grace being able to discourse with every Man in his own way, which, as it shew's you to be a most accurate Observer of all Mens tempers, so it shew's your Excellency in all their Arts. But when I had the favour daily to be admitted to your Grace's more retired Conversation, when I alone enjoy'd the honour, I must declare, I never spent my hours with that pleasure, or improvement; nor shall I ever enough acknowledge that, and the rest

The Epistle Dedicatory.

rest of the Honours done me by your Grace, as much above my Condition as my Merit.

And now, my Lord, after all this, imagine not I intend this small Present of a Play (though favoured hereby those I most wish it should be) as any return; for all the Services of my life cannot make a sufficient one. — I only lay hold on this occasion, to publish the World your great Favours, and the grateful Acknowledgments of,

My most Noble LORD,

Your Grace's most obliged,

humble, and obedient Servant,

THO. SHADWELL.

PREFACE

PREFACE.

TH E Story from which I took the hint of this Play, is famous all over *Spain, Italy and France*: It was first put into a *Spanish Play* (as I have been told) the *Spaniards* having a Tradition (which they believe) of such a vicious *Spaniard*, as is represented in this Play. From them the *Italian Comedians* took it, and from them the *French* took it, and *Four several French Plays* were made upon the Story.

The Character of the *Libertine*, and consequently those of his Friends, are borrow'd; but all the Plot, till the later end of the Fourth Act, is new: And all the rest is very much varied from any thing which has been done upon the Subject.

I hope the Readers will excuse the Irregularities of the Play, when they consider, that the Extravagance of the Subject forced me to it: And I had rather try new ways to please, than to write on in the same Road, as too many do. I hope that the severest Reader will not be offended at the Representation of those Vices, on which they will see a dreadful punishment inflicted. And I have been told by a worthy Gentleman, that many years agone (when first a Play was made upon this Story in *Italy*) he has seen it Acted there by the name of *Atheisto Fulminato*, in Churches, on Sundays, as a part of Devotion; and some, not of the least Judgment and Piety here, have thought it rather an useful Moral, than an incouragement to Vice.

I have no reason to complain of the success of this Play, since it pleased those, whom, of all the World, I would please most. Nor was the Town unkind to it, for which reason I must applaud my good Fortune, to have pleased with so little pains: ~~There being no~~ Act in it, which cost me above Five days writing; and the last Two, (the Play-house having great occasion for a Play) were both written in Four Days, as several can testify, and this I dare Declare, notwithstanding, the foul, coarse

P R E F A C E.

coarse, and ill-manner'd creature passed upon them, (who write Plays in These, Potts, or Five Weeks time) by a tough, hab-bing Rheimer, in his Postscript to another Man's Play, in which he spoild, and call'd Duke and Rosinge; I having before publickly owned the writing Two Plays in so short a time. He ought not to have measured any Man's Abilities, who writes for the Stage, with his own: for somuch as to that in Three weeks, which he cannot say Third Yeard: But he is angry, that any Man should write Devil's Doctry, when he finds it so laborious a thing to write, even Fustian, that he is believed to have been three years drudging upon the Conquest of China. But he ought not to be called a Poet, who cannot write Ten times a better in three weeks.

I cannot here pass by his sawcy Epistle to this Conquest, which (instead of Expressions of just Respect, due to the Birth and Merit of his Patron) is stuffed with railing against others. And first, he begins with the vanity of his Tribe. What Tribe that really is, it is not hard to guess; but all the Poets will bear me witness it is not theirs, ~~who are sufficiently satisfied~~, that he is no more a Poet than Servant to His Majesty, as he presumes to write himself; which I wonder he will do, since Protections are taken off; I know not what Place he is Sworn into in Extraordinary, but I am sure there is no such thing as Poet in Extraordinary.

But I wonder (after all his railing) he will call these Poets his Brethren; if they were, me-thinks he might have more natural affection than to abuse his Brethren: but he might have spared that Title, for we can find no manner of Relation betwixt him and them; for they are all Gentlemen, that will not own him, or keep him company: and that perhaps, is the cause which makes him so angry with them, to tax them, in his ill-manner'd Epistle, with Impudence, which he (having a particular Affection for his own Vice) calls by the name of Frailty. Impudence indeed is a very pretty Frailty.

But (whatever the Poets are guilty of) I wish he had as much of Poetry in him, as he has of that Frailty, for the good of the Duke's Theatre; they might then have hopes of gaining as much by his good Sense, as they have lost by his Fustian.

Thus

P R E E A C E.

Thus much I thought fit to say in vindication of the Poets, though, I think, he has not Authority enough (with Men of Sense) to fix any Calumny upon the Tribe, as he calls it. For which reason I shall never trouble my self to take notice of him hereafter, since all Men of Wit will think, that he can do the Poets no greater injury, than pretending to be one. Nor had I said so much in answer to his coarse railing, but to reprobate his Arrogance, and lead him to a little better knowledge of himself; nor does his base Language in this Postscript deserve a better Return.

P R O.

PROLOGUE.

OUR Author sent me hither for a Scout,
To spy what bloody Criticks mere come out;
Those Pickaroons in Wit, wh' infest this Road,
And snap both Friend and Foe that come abroad.
This Savage Party crueler appears,
Than in the Channel Ostend Privatetts,
You in this Road, or Sink or Plunder all,
Remorsless as a Storm on us you fall:
But as a Merchant, when by Storms distract'd,
Flings out his bulley Goods to save the rest,
Hoping a Calm may come, he keeps the best.
In this black Tempest wh' o're us impounds,
Near Rocks and Quick-sands, and no Ports of Friends,
Our Poet gives this over to your Rage,
The most irregular Play upon the Stage,
As wild, and as extravagant as is the Age.
Now, angry Men, to all your Spleens give vent;
When all your Fury has on this been spent,
Else-where you with much worse shall be content.
The Poet has no hopes you'll be appeas'd,
Who come on purpose but to be disreas'd,
Such corrupt Judges should excepted be,
Who can condemn before they Hear or See.
Ne'r were such bloody Criticks yet in fashion;
Tis Damn by absolute Predestination.
But why so many to run One Man down?
It were a Mighty Triumph when y' have done.
Our scarcity of Plays you should not blame,
When by foul poaching you destroy the Game.
Let him but have fair play, and he may then
Write himself into Favour once agen.
If after this your Anger you'll reveal,
To Cæsar he must make his just Appeal;
There Mercy and Judgment equally do meet,
To pardon Faults, and to encourage Wit.

The Persons Represented.

Don John. **T**HE *Libertine*; A rash fearless Man, guilty of all Vice.

Don Antonio. { His Two Friends.

Don Lopez. {

Don Octavio. Brother to *Maria*.

Jacomo. *Don John's Man.*

Leonora. *Don John's Mistriss*, abused by him, yet follows him for Love.

Maria. Her Maid, abused by *Don John*, and following him for Revenge.

Don Francisco. Father to *Clara* and *Flavia*,

Clara. { His Daughters.

Flavia. {

Six Women. All Wives to *Don John*.

Hermit.

Two Gentlemen. Intended for Husbands to *Clara* and *Flavia*.

Ghosts.

Shepherds and Shepherdesses.

Old Woman.

Officer and Soldiers.

Singers, Servants, Attendants.

THE

THE LIBERTINE.

A C T I.

Enter Don John, Don Lopez, Don Antonio, Jacomo,
Don John's *Valets*.

Don John. **T**Has far without a bound we have enjoy'd
Our prosp'rous pleasures, which dull Fools call Sins ;
Laugh'd at old feeble Judges, and weak Laws ;
And at the fond fantastick thing, call'd Conscience,
Which serves for nothing but to make Men Cowards ;
An idle fear of future Misery ;
And is yet worse than all that we can fear.

D. Lop. Conscience made up of dark and horrid Thoughts,
Rais'd from the Fumes of a distemper'd Spleen.

D. Anto. A sensless Fear, would make us contradict
The only certain Guide, Infallible Nature ;
And at the call of Melancholy Fools,
(Who stile all Actions which they like not, Sins)
To silence all our Natural Appetites.

D. John. Yet those conscientious Fools, that would perswade us
To I know not what, which they call Piety,
Have in reserve private delicious Sins,
Great as the happy Libertine enjoys,
With which, in corners, wantonly they roul.

D. Lop. *Don John*, thou art our Oracle ; thou hast
Dispell'd the Fumes which once clouded our Brains.

D. Anto. By thee, we have got loose from Education,
And the dull slavery of Pupillage,
Recover'd all the liberty of Nature,
Our own strong Reason now can go alone,
Without the feeble props of Spleenatick Fools,
Who contradict our common Mother, Nature.

D. John. Nature gave us our Senses, which we please :

Nor does our Reason war against our Sense.
 By Natures Order, Sense should guide our Reason,
 Since to the Mind all Objects Sense conveys.
 But Fools for Shadows lose substantial Pleasures,
 For idle Tales abandon true Delight,
 And solid Joys of Day, for empty Dreams at Night.
 Away, thou foolish thing, thou chollick of the Mind,
 Thou Worm by ill-digesting Stomacks bred :
 In spight of thee, we'll surfeit in Delights,
 And never think ought can be ill that's pleasant.

Jacom. A most excellent Sermon, and no doubt, Gentlemen, you have edifi'd much by it.

D. John. Away ! thou formal phlegmatick Coxcomb, thou Hast neither Courage, nor yet Wit enough To sin thus. Thou art my dull conscientious Pimp, And when I am wanton with my Whore within, Thou, with thy Beads and Pray'r-Book keep' st the Door.

Jacom. Sir, I find your Worship is no more afraid to be Damn'd, than other fashionable Gentlemen of the Age : but, me-thinks, Halters and Axes should terrifie you. With reverence to your Worships, I've seen ciyiller Men hang'd, and Men of as pretty parts too. There's scarce a City in Spain but is too hot for you, you have committed such Outrages wheresoe'er you come.

D. Lop. Come, for diversion, pray let's hear your Fool preach a little.

Jaco. For my part, I cannot but be troubled, that I shall lose my Honour by you, Sir, for People will be apt to say, *Like Master, Like Man.*

D. John. Your Honour, Rascal, a Sow-gelder may better pretead to it.

Jacom. But I have another scruple, Sir.

D. John. What's that?

Jacom. I fear I shall be hang'd in your company.

D. John. That's an honour you will ne're have courage to deserve.

Jacom. It is an Honour I am not ambitious of.

D. Lop. Why does the Fool talk of hanging ? we scorn all Laws.

Jacom. It seems so, or you would not have cut you elder Brother's Throat, *Don Lopez.*

D. Lop. Why, you Coxcomb, he kept a good Estate from me, and I could not Whore and Revel sufficiently without it.

D. Anio. Look you, *Jacomo*, Had he not reason ?

Jacom. Yes, *Anonio*, so had you to get both your Sisters with Child; 'twas very civil, I take it.

D. Anio. Yes, you fool, they were lusty young handsome Wenches, and pleas'd my Appetite. Besides, I sav'd the Honour of the Family by it ; for if I had not, some body else would.

Jacom. O horrid villany !
 But you are both Saints to my hopeful Master,

I'll turn him loose to ~~betray~~ himself, He shall out do him at his own weapons.

D. John. I, you Rascal.

Jacom. Oh no, Sir, you are as innocent. To cause your good old Father to be kill'd was nothing.

D. John. It was something, and a good thing too, Sirrah: His whole design was to debauch me of my pleasures: He kept his Purse from me, and could not be content with that, but still would preach his senseless Morals to me, his old dull foolish stuff against my pleasure. I caus'd him to be sent I know not whither. But he believ'd he was to go to Heaven; I care not where he is, since I am rid of him. of you.

Jacom. Cutting his Throat was a very good return for his begetting.

D. John. That was before he was aware on't, 'twas for his own sake, he never thought of me in the business.

Jacom. Heav'n bless us.

D. John. You Dog, I shall beat out your Brains, if you dare be so impudent as to pray in my company.

Jacom. Good Sir, I have done, I have done.

D. Lop. Prethee let the insipid Fool go on.

D. Ant. Let's hear the Coxcomb number up your Crimes, The patterns we intend to imitate.

Jacom. Sir, let me lay your horrid Crimes before you: The unhappy Minute may perhaps arrive, When the sense of 'em may make you penitent.

D. Anto. 'Twere better thou wer't hang'd.

D. Lop. Repent! Cowards and Fools do that.

D. Job. Your valiant well-bred Gentlemen never repent: But what should I repent of?

Jacom. After the Mother of your Father, the brave Don Pedro, Governor of Sruil, for whom the Town are still in grief, was, in his own House, barbarously kill'd by you.

D. Job. Barbarously, you lie, you Rascal, 'twas finely done; I run him through the Lungs as handsomly, and kill'd him as decently, and as like a Gentleman as could be. The jealous Coxcomb deserv'd death, he kept his Sister from me; her Eyes would have kill'd me if I had not enjoy'd her, which I could not do without killing him: Besides, I was alone, and kill'd him Hand to Fist.

Jacom. I never knew you go to Church but to take Sanctuary for a Murder, or to rob Churches of their Plate.

D. Job. Heav'n needs not be serv'd in Plate, but I had use on't.

Jacom. How often have you scal'd the Walls of Monasteries? Two Nuns, I know, you ravish'd, and a Third you dangerously wounded for her violent resistance.

D. Job. The perverse Jades were uncivil, and deserv'd such usage.

Jacom. Some Thirty Murders, Rapes innumerable, frequent Sacrilege, Parricide; in short, not one in all the Catalogue of Sins have scap'd you.

D. Job.

D. Job. My bus'nes is my pleasure, that end I will always compas, without scrupling the means ; there is no right or wrong, but what conduces to, or hinders pleasure. But, you tedious insipid Rascal, if I hear more of your Morality, I will Carbanado you.

D. Anto. We live the life of Sense, which no fantastick thing, call'd Reason, shall control.

D. Lop. My Reason tells me, I must please my Sense.

D. Job. My Appetites are all I'm sure I have from Heav'n, since they are Natural, and them I always will obey.

Jacomo. I doubt it not, Sir, therefore I desire to shake hands and part.

D. Job. D'ye hear, Dog, talk once more of parting, and I will saw your Wind-pipe. I could find in my heart to cut your Rascal's Nose off, and save the Pox a labour : I'll do't, Sirrah, have at you.

Jacomo. Good Sir, be not so transported ; I will live, Sir, and will serve you in any thing, I'll fetch a Wench, or any thing in the World, Sir. O how I tremble at this Tyrants rage.

D. Anto. Come, 'tis Night, we lose time to our Adventures.

D. Lop. I have bespoken Musick for our Serenading.

D. Job. Let's on, and live the Noble life of Sense, To all the powers of Love and mighty Lust, In spight of formal Fops I will be just. What ways soe're conduce to my delight, My Sense instructs me, I must think 'em right. On, on, my Soul, and make no stop in pleasure, They're dull insipid Fools that live by measure.

Exeunt all but Jacomo.

Jacomo. What will become of me ? if I should leave him, he's so revengeful, he would Travel o're all Spain to find me out, and cut my Throat. I cannot live long with him neither : I shall be hang'd, or knockt o'th' Head, or share some dreadful Fate or other with him. 'Tis between him and me, as between the Devil and the Witch, who repents her Bargain, and could be free from future ills, but for the fear of present durst not venture.

Enter Leonora.

Here comes Leonora, one of those multitudes of Ladies, he has Sworn, Ly'd to, and betray'd.

Leon. Jacomo, where is Don John ? I could not live to endure a longer absence from him. I have sigh'd and wept my self away : I move, but have no life left in me. His coldness and his absence have given me fearful and killing apprehensions. Where is my Dear ?

Jacomo. Your Dear, Madam ! He's yours no more.

Leon. Heav'n ! What do I hear ? Speak, is he dead ?

Jacomo. To you he is.

Leon. Ah me, has he forgot his Vows and Oaths ? Has he no Conscience, Faith, or Honour left ?

Jacomo.

Jacom. Left, Madam, he ne'er had any. *Leon.* It is impossible, you speak this out of Malice, sure.

Jacom. There's no Man knows him better than I do.

I have a greater respect for you, than for any he has betray'd, and will undeceive you: He is the most perfidious Wretch alive.

Leon. Has he forgot the Sacred Contract, which was made privately betwixt us, and confirm'd before the Altar, during the time of Holy Mass?

Jacom. All times and places are alike to him.

Leon. Oh how assiduous was he in his passion! How many thousand Vows and Sighs he breath'd! What Tears he wept, seeming to suffer all the cruel pangs which Lovers e're endur'd! How eloquent were all his Words and Actions!

Jacom. His Person and his Parts are excellent; but his base Vices are beyond all measure: Why should you believe him?

Leon. My own love brib'd me to believe him: I saw the Man I lov'd more than the World. Oft on his Knees, with his Eyes up to Heav'n, kissing my Hand with such an amorous heat, and with such ardor, breathing fervent vows of Loyal Love, and venting sad complaints of extreme sufferings. I poor easie Soul, flattering my self to think he meant as I did, lost all my Sexes Faculty, Dissembling; and in a Month must I be thus betray'd?

Jacom. Poor Lady! I cannot but have Bowels for you: your sad Narration makes me weep in sadness: But you are better us'd than others. I ne'er knew him confess a Fortnight before.

Leon. Then, then he promis'd he would Marry me.

Jacom. If he were to live here one Month longer, he wou'd Marry half the Town, tigly and handsome, old and young: Nothing that's Female comes amiss to him.

Leon. Does he not fear a Thunderbolt from Heav'n?

Jacom. No, nor a Devil from Hell. He owns no Deity but his voluptuous Appetite, whose satisfaction he will compass by Murders, Rapes, Treasons, or ought else. But pray let me ask you one civil question; Did you not give him earnest of your Body, Madam.

Leon. Mock not my Misery.

Oh! that confounds me. Ah! I thought him true, and lov'd him so, I could deny him nothing.

Jacom. Why, there 'tis; I fear you have, or else he wou'd have Marry'd you: He has Marry'd Six within this Month, and promis'd Fifteen more, all whom he has enjoy'd, and left, and is this night gone on some new adventure, some Rape, or Murder, some such petty thing.

Leon. Oh Monster of Impiety!

Oh false Dog John! Wonder of Cruelty! [She swoons.]

Jacom. What a pox does she swoon at the news! Alas! poor Soul, she has mov'd me now to Pity, as she did to Love. Ha! the place is private—If I should make use of a Natural Receipt to refresh her, and bring her to life again, 'twould be a great pleasure to me, and no trouble.

trouble to her. Hum! 'tis very private, and I dare not in private. A deuce take her, she revives, and prevents me.

Leon. Where is the cruel Tyrant! Inhumane Monster! but I will strive to fortifie my self. But Oh my misfortune! Oh my misery! Under what strange Enchantments am I bound? Could he be yet a thousand times more impious, I could not chuse but leave his Person still.

Jacom. Be not so passionate; if you could be discreet, and love your self, I'de put you in a way to ease your Grief now, and all your Cares hereafter.

Leon. If you can now ease an afflicted Woman, who else must shortly rid her self of Life, employ your Charity: 'twas never plac'd yet on a Wretch needed it more than I.

Jacom. If Loyalty in a Lover be a Jewel! say no more, I can tell you where you may have it.

Leon. Speak not of Truth in Man, it is impossible.

Jacom. Pardon me, I speak on my own knowledge.

Leon. Is your Master true then? and have you happily deceiv'd me? Speak.

Jacom. As true as all the power of Hell can make him.

Leon. If he be false, let all the World be so.

Jacom. There's another-gue's Man than he, Madam.

Leon. Another! Who can that be?

No, no, there's no Truth found in the Sex.

[aside.

Jacom. He is a civil virtuous and discreet sober person.

Leon. Can there be such a Man? What does he mean?

Jacom. There is, Madam, a Man of goodly Presence too—

Something inclining to be fat, of a round plump Face, with quick and sparkling Eyes, and Mouth of cheerful overture—

His Nose, which is the only fault, is somewhat short, but that's no matter; his Hair and Eye-brows black, and so forth.

Leon. How, he may perhaps be brib'd by some other Man, and what he said of his Master may be false.

Jacom. How She surveys me! Fa-la-la. [Sings and struts about.

Leon. Who is this you speak of?

Jacom. A Man, who, Envy must confess, has excellent parts, but those are Gifts, Gifts—meer Gifts—Thanks be to Heav'n for them.

Leon. But shall I never know his Name?

Jacom. He's one, whom many Ladies have Honour'd with their Affection; but no more of that. They have met disdain, and so forth. But he'll be content to Marry you. Fa-la-la-la. [Sings.

Leon. Again I ask you who he is?

Jacom. Lord, how inapprehensive she is? Can you not guess?

Leon. No.

Jacom. Your humble Servant, Madam.

Leon. Yours, Sir.

Jacom. It is my Self in person; and upon my Honour, I will be true and constant to you.

Leon.

Cleon. *Infelicitous Varlet!* Am I fal'n so low to be thy scorn?

Jacom. Scorn! As I am a Christian Soul I am in earnest.

Leon. Audacious Villain! Impudence it self!

Jacom. Ah, Madam! your Servant, your true Lover must endure a thousand such bobs from his Mistriss; I can bear, Madam, I can.

Leon. Because thy Master has betray'd me, am I become so infamous?

Jacom. 'Tis somthing hard, Madam, to preserve a good reputation in his company; I can scarce do't my self.

Leon. Am I so miserable to descend to his Man?

Jacom. Descend, say you: Ha, ha, ha!

Leon. Now I perceive all's false which you have said of him. Farewell, you base ingrateful Fellow.

Jacom. Hold, Madam, come in the Morning and I will place you in the next room, where you shall over-hear our Discourse. You'll soon discover the mistake, and find who'tis that loves you. Retire, Madam, I hear some body coming.

[Exeunt Jacomo, Leonora.

Enter Don John in the Street.

D. John. Let me see, here lives a Lady: I have seen *Don Odrasio* haunting about this House, and making private signs to her. I never saw her Face, but am resolv'd to enjoy her, because he likes her; besides, she's another Woman.

Enter Antonio.

Antonio, Welcome to our place of Rendezvous. Well, what Game? what Adventure!

Enter Lopez.

Come, dear Lopez.

Anto. I have had a rare Adventure.

Lop. What, dear Antonio?

Anto. I saw at a Villa not far off, a grave mighty bearded Fool, drinking *Leomanado* with his Mistriss. I mislik'd his Face, pluck'd him by the Whi ker, pull'd all one side of his Beard off, fought with him, run him through the Thigh, carry'd away his Mistriss, serv'd her in her kind, and then let her go.

D. Job. Gallantly perform'd like a brave Soldier in an Enemies Country: When they will not pay Contribution, you fight for Forage.

D. Lop. Pox on't I have been damnable unfortunate; I have neither beat Man, nor lain with Woman to night, but fal'n in love most furiously: I dogg'd my new Mistriss to her Lodging; she's *Don Bernardo*'s Sister; and shall be my Punk.

D. Job. I could meet with a willing Dame, but was fain to commit a Rape to pass away the time.

D. Anto. Oh! a Rape is the joy of my heart; I love a Rape, upon my *Clavis*, exceedingly.

D. Job. But mine, my Lady, was such a Rape, it ought to be Regis-
tered; a Noble and Heroick Rape.

D. Lop. Ah! dear Don John!

D. Anso. How was it?

D. Job. 'Twas in a Church, Boys.

D. Anso. Ah! Gallant Leader!

D. Lop. Renown'd Don John!

D. Anso. Come, let's retire, you have done enough for once.

D. Job. Not yet, Antonio, I have an Intrigue here.

Enter Fidlers.

Here are my Fidlers. Rank your selves close under this Window, and sing the Song I prepar'd.

SONG.

Thou joy of all Hearts, and delight of all Eyes,
Nature's chief Treasure, and Beauty's chief Prize,
Look down, you'll discover,
Here's a faithful young vigorous Lover,
With a Heart full as true,
As e're languish'd for you;
Here's a faithful young vigorous Lover.

The Heart that was once a Monarch in's Breast,
Is now your poor Captive, and can bate no rest,
'Twill never give over,
But about your sweet Bosom will hover.
Dear Miss, let it in,
By Heav'n 'tis no Sin;
Here's a faithful young vigorous Lover.

D. Job. Now Fidlers, be gone.

[Window opens, Maria looks out, and flings a Paper down.
Mar. Retire, My dear O'Davio, read that Note. Adieu.

Exit Mar.

D. Job. Good, she takes me for O'Davio, I warrant you, Boys, I shall succeed in this adventre. Now my false Light assist me.

[Reads by a dark Lamp.

Reads. { Go from this Window, within Eight Minutes you shall be admitt-
ed to the Garden Door. You know the Sign.

Ha! the Sign, Gad she lies, I know not the Sign.

D. Anso. What will you do? you know not the Sign. Let's away, and be contented this night.

D. Job

D. Job. My Friends, if you love me, retire. I'll venture, though Thunderbolts should fall upon my Head.

D. Lop. Are you Mad? as soon as she discovers the Deceit, she'll raise the House upon you, and you'll be Murder'd.

D. Job. She'll not raise the House for her own sake, but rather grant me all I ask to keep her Counsel.

D. Antonio. 'Tis very dangerous: be careful of your self.

D. Job. The more danger the more delight: I hate the common road of Pleasure. What! Can I fear at such a time as this! The cowardly Deer are valiant in their Rutting time. I say. Be gone.

D. Anto. We'll not dispute your Commands. Good luck to you.

[Exit Antonio, Lopez.

D. Job. How shall I know this devilish Sign?

Enter Octavio with Fidlers, and stands under Maria's Window.

Ha! Whom have we here? Some Serenading Coxcomb. Now shall we have some damp'd Song or other, a *Cloris*, or a *Phillis* at least.

SONG.

Cloris. When you disperse your Influence,
Your dazzling Beams are quick and clear,
To surprise and wound the Sense,
So bright a Miracle y'appear.
Admiring Mortals you astonish so,
No other Deity they know,
But think that all Divinity's below.

One charming Look from your Illustrious Face,
Were able to subdue Mankind,
So sweet, so powerful a Grace
Makes all Men Lovers but the blind:
Nor can they freedom by resistance gain,
For each embraces the soft Chain,
And never struggles with the pleasant pain.

Ota. Be gone! Be gone! The Window opens.

D. Job. 'Sdeath! This is Octavio. I must dispatch him, or he'll spoil all; but I would fain hear the Sign first.

Mar. What strange mistake is this? Sure he did not receive my Note, and then I am ruin'd!

Ota. She expects the Sign. Where's my Whistle? O here.

[Whistles.

D. Job. I have found it, that must be the Sign —

Mar. I dare not speak aloud, go to the Garden Door.

[Don John rushes upon Octavio, and snatches the Whistle out of his hand.

Ota

Oda. 'Sdeath, What Russian's this?

D. Job. One that will be sure to cut your Throats.

Oda. Make not a promise to your self of what you can't perform.

[Fight.]

D. Job. I warrant you. Have at you.

Mar. O Heav'n! Octavio's Fighting. Oh my Heart!

Oda. Oh! I am slain.

[Fall.]

D. Job. I knew I should be as good as my word. I think you have it, Sir — Ha! — he's dying — Now for the Lady — I'll draw him farther off, that his groans may not disturb our pleasure — Stay — by your leave, Sir, I'll change Hat and Cloak with you, it may help me in my design.

Oda. O barbarous Villain!

[Dies.]

Mar. They have done fighting, and I hear no noise. Oh unfortunate Woman! My dear Octavio's kill'd —

Flora. Perhaps, Madam, he has kill'd the other. I'll down to the Garden Door; if he be well, he'll come thither, as well to satisfie his appointment, as to take refuge. Your Brother's safe, he may come in securely —

[Ex. to the Door.]

Mar. Haste! Haste! Fly! Fly! Oh Octavio. I'll follow her

[She follows.]

D. Job. Now for the Garden Door. This Whistle will do me excellent Service. Now good luck —

[Goes to the Door and Whistles.]

Flor. Octavio?

D. Job. The same.

Flor. Heav'n be prais'd, my Lady thought you had been kill'd.

D. Job. I am unhurt: Let's quickly to her.

Flor. Oh! She'll be overjoy'd to see you alive.

D. Job. I'll make her more over-joy'd before I have done with her. This is a rare Adventure!

Enter Maria at the Door.

Flor. Here's your Jewel, Madam, speak softly.

Mar. Oh my dear Octavio! have I got you within these Arms?

D. Job. Ay, my Dear, unpierc'd by any thing but by your Eyes.

Mar. Those will do you no hurt. But are you sure you are not wounded?

D. Job. I am. Let me embrace my pretty Dear; and yet she maybe a Blackamore for ought I know —

Mar. We'll retire to my Chamber. Flor, go out, and prepare us a Collation.

D. Job. O admirable Adventure! Come, my Delight. [Exeunt.]

Enter Don Lopez, Antonio, Jacomo.

Jac. Where's my pious Master?

D. Ant. We left him hereabouts. I wonder what he has done in his Adventure. I believe he has had some bustle.

D. Lop.

D. Lop. I thought I heard fighting hereabout.

Jac. Gad forgive me! fighting! where! where!

D. Ant. O thou incorrigible Coward!

D. Lop. See, here's some of his handy-work; here's a Man kill'd.

Jac. another murder. Heav'n, what will become of me? I shall be hang'd, yet dare not run away from him.

Enter an Officer with a Guard, going the Round.

Officer. Stand! who are there?

D. Lop. We do stand, Rascal, we never use to run.

Jac. Now shall I be taken hang'd for my Master's murder.

[Offers to run.

D. Ant. Stand, you Dog! offer once more to run, and I'll put Bilboa in your guts.

Jac. Gad forgive me! what will become of me?

Officer. What's here? a Man murder'd? yield, you are my prisoners.

Jac. With all my heart! but as I hope to be saved, we did not kill him, Sir.

Officer. These must be the murderers, disarm 'em.

D. Ant. How now, Rascal! disarm us?

D. Lop. We are not us'd to part with our Swords.

Jac. I care not a Farthing for my Sword, tis at your Service.

D. Ant. Do you hear, Rascal, keep it, and fight; or I'll swear the murder against you.

D. Lop. Offer to flinch, and I'll run you through.

Offic. Take their Swords, or knock 'em down.

[They fight. Jacomo offers to run, some of the Guards stop him.

Jac. A pox on't, I had as good fight and die, as be taken and be hang'd.

[Guards are beaten off.

D. Lop. Are you gone, you Dogs? I have pinck'd some of you...

Jac. Ah Rogues! Villains! I have met with you.

D. Ant. O brave Jacomo! you fought like an imprison'd Rat: The Rouge had conceal'd Courage, and did not know it.

Jac. O Cowards! Rascals! a man can get no honour by fighting with such Poletroons! but for all that, I will prudently withdraw, this place will suddenly be too hot for us.

D. Lop. Once in your Life you are in the right, Jacomo.

Jac. O good Sir, there is as much to be ascribed to Conduct, as to Courage, I assure you.

Exeunt.

Enter Don John and Maria in her Chamber.

Mar. Speak softly, my Dear; should my Brother hear us, we are ruin'd.

D. Job. Though I can scarce contain my joy, I will. O she's a rare Creature in the dark, I pray Heav'n she be so in the light.

Enter Flora with a Candle, as soon as they discover
Don John, they strike out.

Mar. O Heaven! I am ruin'd and be trayed.

Flo. He has Orlaw's clothes on.

Mar. O he has murder'd him. My Brother shall revenge it.

D. Job. I will cut his throat if he offers it.

Nar. Thieves! Murder! Murder! Thieves!

Flo. Thieves! Murder! Murder! Thieves!

D. Job. I will stop your shrill wind-pipes.

Enter Maria's Brother, with his Sword drawn.

Brosb. 'Sdeath! a man in my Sister's Chamber!

Have at you. Villain.

D. Job. Come on, Villain.

[Don John kills the Brother.

Flo. Murder! Murder!

Mar. O Villain, thou hast kill'd my Brother, and dishonour'd me.

Enter five or six Servants, with drawn Swords.

O your Master's murdered!

D. Job. So many of you; 'tis no matter: Your Heroes in Plays beat
five times as many. Have at you, Rogues.

[Maria runs away striking, and Don John
beats the Servants off, and stops Flora.

Now give me the Key of the Garden, or I'll murder thee.

Flo. Murder! Murder! There, take it —

[She runs away.

D. Job. So, thus far it is well; this was a brave adventure.

'Mongst all the Joys which in the World are sought,
None are so great as those by dangers bought.

[Exit.

ACT II.

Jacomo solus.

Jac. **VV**Hat will this lead Master of mine do? this Town of Sevil
will not much care for his Company after his last nighrs
Atchievements: He must either fly, or hang for't. Ha! me-thinks my
bloud grows chill at the naming of that dreadful word, Hang. What
will become of me? I dare not leave him, and yet I fear that I shall per-
ish with him. He's certainly the first that ever set up a Religion to the
Devil.

Enter Leonora

Leon. I come to claim your promise; is Don John within?

Jacom. No, Madam, but I expect him every minute. You see, Madam,
what honour I have for you, for I venture my ears to do this.

Len.

Leon. You oblige me extreamly; so great is the present pain of doubt, that we desire to lose it: though in exchange of certainty, that must afflict us more.

Jac. I hear him coming, withdraw quickly.

[*She withdraws.*]

Enter Don John.

D. Job. How now, sir, what wise thoughts have you in your Noddle?

Jac. Why, Sir, I was considering how well I could endure to be hang'd.

D. Job. And why so, buffle?

Jac. Why you will force me to wait upon you in all your fortunes, and you are making what hast you can to the Gallows.

D. Job. Again at your reprobs. You insipid Rascal, I shall cut your ears off, Dog.

Jac. Good Sir, I have done; yet I cannot but admire, since you are resolv'd to go to the Devil, that you cannot be content with the common way of travelling, but must ride post to him.

D. Job. Leave of your idle tales, found out by Priests to keep the Rabble in awe.

Jac. Oh horrid wickedness! If I may be bold to ask, what noble exploits did your Chivalry perform last night?

D. Job. Why, Sir, I committed a Rape upon my Father's Monument.

Jac. Oh-horror!

D. Job. Do you start, you Villain? Hah!

Jac. I, Sir, who I, Sir? not I, Sir.

D. Job. D'hear, Rascal, let me not see a frown upon your Face; if I do, I will cut your throat, you Rogue.

Jac. No, Sir, no, Sir, I warrant you, I am in a very good humor, I assure you— Heaven deliver me!

D. Job. Now listen and learn. I kill'd a Lady's Lover; and suppli'd his place, by stratagem enjoy'd her: In came her foolish Brother and surpriz'd me, but perish'd by my hand; and I doubt not but I maul'd three or four of his Servants.

[*Jacomo starts.*]

Jac. Oh horrid fact!

D. Job. Again, Villain, are you frowning?

Jac. No Sir, no Sir; don't think so ill of me, Sir. Heav'n send me from this wicked Wretch! What will become of us, Sir? we shall be apprehended.

D. Job. Can you fear your Rascally Carcase, when I venture mine? I observe always, those that have the most despicable persons, are most careful to preserve 'em.

Jac. Sir, I beg your pardon; but I have an odd humor, makes me something unfit for your Worship's service.

D. Job. What's that, Sirra?

Jac. 'Tis a very odd one, I am almost ashamed to tell it to you.

D. Job. Out with it! Fool—

[*Jac.*]

Jac. Why Sir, I cannot tell what is the reason, but I have a much unconquerable antipathy to Hemp. I could never endure a Bell-rope. Hanging is a kind of death I cannot abide. I am not able to endure it.

D. Job. I have taken care to avoid that, my friends are gone to hire a Vessel, and we'll to Sea together to seek a refuge, and a new Scene of pleasure.

Jac. All three, Sir?

D. Job. Yes, Sir. —

Jac. Three as civil discreet sober persons, as a man wou'd wish to drink with.

Enter Leonora.

Leon. I can hold no longer.

D. Job. 'Sdeath, you Dog, how came she here?

Jac. I don't know Sir, she stole in. —

Leon. What Witchcraft do I suffer under, that when I abhor his vices, I still love his person. Ah, *Don Jobn!* have I deferv'd that you should fly me? are all your Oaths and Vows forgotten by you?

D. Job. No, no; in these cases I always remember my Oaths, and never forget to break them.

Leon. Oh impurity!

Did I, for this, yield up my honour to you? after you had sigh'd and languished many months, and shew'd all signs of a sincere affection, I trusted in your truth and constancy, without the Bond of Marriage, yielded up a Virgin's Treasure, all my Innocence, believed your solemn Contract, when you invok'd all the Powers above to testify your Vows.

D. Job. They think much of us, why don't they witness em for you — Pish, 'tis nothing but a way of speaking, which young amorous Fellows have gotten.

Leon. Did you not love me then? What injury had I e're done you, that you shou'd feign Affection to betray me?

D. Job. Yes 'faith, I did love you, and shew'd you as frequent and as hearty signs of it as I could; and i'gad y're an ungrateful Woman if you say the contrary.

Leon. O Heav'n! did you and do not now? What crime have I committed that could make you break your Vows and Oaths, and banish all your passion? Ah! with what tenderness have I receiv'd your feign'd Affection, and ne'r thought I liv'd but in your Presence; my Love was too fervent to be counterfeit —

D. Job. That I know not, for since your Sex are such Dissemblers, they can hold out against, and seem to hate the Men they love; Why may they not seem to love the Men they hate?

Leon. O cruel Man! could I dissemble? had I a thousand Lives, I ventur'd all each time I saw your Face; nay, were I now discover'd, I should instantly be sacrific'd to my raging Brother's fury; and can I dissemble?

D. Job. I do not know whether you do or no; you see I don't, I am something free with you.

Leon.

Leon. And do you not love me then ?

D. Job. Faith, Madam, I lov'd you as long as I could for the Heart and Bloud of me, and there's an end of it ; what a Devil wou'd you have more ?

Leon. O cruel Man ! how miserable have you made me !

D. Job. Miserable ! use variety as I do, and you'll not be miserable. Ah ! there's nothing so sweet to frail human flesh as variety.

Leon. Inhumane Creature ! what have I been guilty of, that thou shouldest thus remove thy Affections from me ?

D. Job. Guilty, no : but I have had enough of you, and I have done what I can for you, and there's no more to be said.

Leon. Tigers would have more pity than thou hast.

D. Job. Unreasonable Woman ! would you have a Man love after Enjoyment ? I think the Devil's in you —

Leon. Do you upbraid me with the rash effects of Love, which you caus'd in me ? and do you hate me for what you ought to love me for ? were you not many Months with Vows and Oaths betraying me to that weakness ? Ungrateful Monster !

D. Job. Why the Devil did you not yield before ? you Women always took in Love ; you'll never play upon the square with us.

Leon. False Man ! I yielded but too soon. Unfortunate Woman !

D. Job. Your dissembling Arts and Jilting Tricks, taught you by your Mothers, and the phlegmatick coldness of your Constitutions, make you so longin' yielding ; that we love out almost all our Love before you begin, and yet you would have our Love last as long as yours. I got the Hart of you a long way, and have reason to reach the Goal before you.

Leon. Did you not swear you wou'd for ever love me ?

D. Job. Why there 'tis ; Why did you put me to the trouble to swear it ? If you Women wou'd be honest, and follow the Dictates of Sense and Nature, we shou'd agree about the business presently, and never be forsworn for the matter.

Leon. Are Oaths so slighted by you, perfidious Man !

D. Job. Oaths ! Snare to catch conceited Women with ; I wou'd have sworn all the Oaths under the Sun ; Why I wou'd have committed Treason for you, and yet I knew I should be weary of you —

Leon. I thought such Love as mine might have deserv'd your constancy, false and ungrateful Man !

D. Job. Thus your own vanity, not we betray you. Each Woman thinks, though Men are false to others, that she is so fine a person, none can be so to her. You shou'd not take our words of course in earnest.

Leon. Thus Devils do in Hell, who cruelly upbraid whom they have tempted thither.

D. Job. In short, my Constitution will not let me love you longer : and whatever some Hypocrites pretend, all Mankind obey their Constitutions, and cannot do otherwise —

Leon. Heav'n, sure, will punish this vile Treachery.

D. Job. Do you then leave it to Heav'n, and trouble your self no farther about it.

Leon. Ye Sacred Pow'rs, who take care of injur'd Innocence assist me.

Enter Jacomo.

Jac. Sir, Sir! Stand upon your Guard.

D. Job. How now! What's the matter?

Jac. Here's a whole Battalion of courageous Women come to charge you.

Enter Six Women.

D. Job. Keep 'em out, you Villain.

Jac. I cannot, they over-run me.

D. Job. What an inundation of Strumpets is here?

Leon. O Heav'n! I can stay no longer to be a witness of his Fals-hood. [Exit Leonora.]

1. Wom. My Dear, I desire a word in private with you.

D. Job. 'Faith my Dear, I am something busie, but I love thee dearly. [Aside.] A pox on thee!

2. Wom. Don John, a word: 'tis time now we should Declare our Marriage; 'tis now above Three weeks.

D. Job. Ay, we will do it suddenly.

3. Wom. Prithee, Honey, what bus'nes can these idle Women have? send them packing, that we may confer about our Affairs.

4. Wom. Lord! How am I amaz'd at the confidence of some Women! Who are these that will not let one converse with one's own Husband? By your leave, Ladies.

Jac. Now it works! tease him, Ladies, worry him soundly.

5. Wom. Nay, by your leave, good Madam; if you go to that.

6. Wom. Ladies, by all your Leaves; I ure none of you will have the confidence to pretend an Interest in this Gentleman.

D. Job. I shall be torn in pieces: *Jacomo*, Stand by me.

1. Lad. Lord, Madam, What's your meaning? none ought to claim a right to another Woman's Husband, let me tell you that.

2. Lad. You are in the right, Madam. Therefore prithee Dear, let's withdraw, and leave them; I do not like their company.

D. Job. Ay, presently, my Dear. What an excellent thing is a Woman before Enjoyment, and how insipid after it!

4. Wom. Come, prithee, put these Women out of doubt; and let them know our Marriage.

D. Job. To Morrow we'll declare and celebrate our Nuptials.

6. Wom. Ladies, the short and the long on't is, you are very uncivil to press upon this Gentleman. Come, Love, e'en tell 'em the truth of the Story.

4. Wom. Uncivil, Madam, pardon me; one cannot be so in speaking to one's own.

3. Wom. That's true; she little thinks who that is.

6. Wom.

6. *Wom.* To their own! Ha, ha, ha, that's true — Come, Hon'ry, keep 'em no longer in Ignorance.

4. *Wom.* Come, Ladies, I will undeceive you all; think no further of this Gentleman, I say, think no further of him —

1 *Woman.* What can this mean?

D. Job. Hold, for Heav'n's sake; you know not what you do.

4. Yes, yes, I do; it shall all out; I'll send 'em away with Fleas in their Ears. Poor silly Creatures!

D. Job. Now will Civil Wars arise —

4. *Wom.* Trouble your selves no longer about *Don John*, he is mine — he is mine, Ladies.

All. Yours!

D. John. Pox on't, I must set a good Face upon the bus'ness; I see Murther will out —

6. *Wom.* Your's that's pleasant; he's mine —

5. *Wom.* I have been too long patient; he is my Husband.

1. *Wom.* Yours; How can that be? I am sure I am his Wife.

3. *Wom.* Are you not ashame'd, Ladies, to claim my Husband?

2. *Wom.* Are you all mad? I am sure I am Marri'd to him.

All. You!

D. Job. Look you, Ladies, a Man's but a Man? here's my Body, take't among you as far as 'twill go. The Devil can't please you all —

Jac. Pray Ladies, will you dispatch; for there are a matter of Fifteen more that are ready to put in their claims, and must be heard in their order —

D. Job. How now, Rogue, this is your fault, Sirrah.

Jac. My fault, Sir, no; the Ladies shall see I am no Traitor. Look you Ladies —

D. Job. Peace, Villain, or I will cut your Throat. Well, Ladies, know then, I am Marri'd to one in this company; and to Morrow Morning, if you will repair to this place, I will Declare my Marriage, which now for some secret Reasons, I am oblig'd to conceal — Now will each Strumpet think 'tis her I mean.

1 *Wom.* That's well enough.

4 *Wom.* I knew he would own me at last.

3 *Wom.* Now they will soon see their errors.

5. *Wom.* Now we'll conceal it no longer, Dearest.

D. John. No, no, I warrant you —

6 *Wom.* Lord how blank these Ladies will look;

2 *Wom.* Poor Ladies —

Jac. Ladies, pray let me ask a question, which of you is really Marry'd to him?

Omnes. I, I, I.

D. Job. 'Sdeath, you Son of a Baboon. Come, Come, Pox on't, why should I dally any longer! Why should I conceal my good Action! In one word, I am Married to every one of you, and have above Four-

score more ; nor will I ever give over, till I have as many Wives and Concubines as the *Grand Signior*.

Jac. A very modest civil Person truly —

4. Wom. O horrid Villain !

6 Wom. Perfidious Monster !

Enter Don Lopez and Antonio.

D. Ant. How now, *Don John* ; Hah ; you are a ravenous Bird of prey indeed; do you fly at no less than a whole Covee of Whores at once? you scorn a single Strumpet for your Quarry.

Ant. What, in Tears too! Fie, *D. John* ; thou art the most ungenteel Knight alive : Use your Ladies civilly for shame.

D. Job. Ay, before the Victory, I grant you; but after it, they should wear Chains, and follow the Conqueror's Chariot.

D. Lop. Alas, poor Harlots !

D. Job. Peace, peace, good words ; these are certain Animals call'd Wives, and all of 'em are my Wives : Do you call a Man of Honour's Wives, Harlots? out on't.

1 Wom. Perfidious Monster !

Ant. Excellent !

D. Job. Come on, you are come very opportunely, to help to celebrate my several and respective Weddings. Come, my Dears ; 'faith we will have a Ballad at our Weddings. Where are my Fidlers?

6 Wom. O salvage Beast !

4 Wom. Inhumane Villain ! Revenge shall follow.

D. Job. Pox on Revenge, call in my Minstrils,

Enter Fidlers.

Come, Sing my *Epitbalmium*.

S O N G.

Since Liberty, Nature for all has design'd,
A pox on the Fool who to one is confin'd.

All Creatures besides,

When they please change their Brides.

All Females they get when they can,

Whilst they nothing but Nature obey,

How happy, how happy are they ?

But the silly fond Animal, Man,

Makes Laws 'gainst himself, which his Appetites sway;

Poor Fools, how unhappy are they ?

Chor. Since Liberty, Nature for all has design'd,

A pox on the Fool who to one is confin'd.

At the first going down, a Woman is good, But when e're she comes up, Pleas' ne'r chear the Cnd,

But

But out she shall go.

And I'll serve 'em all so.

When with One my Stomack is cloy'd;
Another sh' ll soon be enjoy'd.

Then how happy, how happy are we?

Let the Coxcomb when weary, drudge on,
And foolishly stay when he wan'd fair be gone.

Poor Fool! How unhappy is he?

Chor. At the first going down, &c.

Let the Rabble obey, I'll live like a Man,
Who, by Nature, is free to enjoy all he can:

Wise Nature does Teach

More Truth than Fools Preach;

They bind us, but she gives us ease.

I'll Revel, and Love where I please.

She, sh' s my infallible Guide.

But were the Bleſ'd freedom deny'd

Of variety in the things we love best,

Dull Man were the slavishest Beast.

Chor. Let the Rabble obey, &c.

D. Job. Come, How do you like this? Let's be merry, my Brides.

4. Wom. O monstrous Traitor! Do you mock our Misery?

D. Job. Good Spouse, be not passionate — faith we'll have a Dance,
Strike up —

D. Lop. Be comforted, good Ladies, you have companions in your
misfortunes —

D. Ant. He has been Marri'd in all the Cities of Spain; What a breed
of Don John's shall we have?

D. Job. Come, Sweet-hearts; you must be civil to these Gentlemen;
they are my Friends, and Men of Honour.

6. Wom. Men of Honour! They are Devils if they be your Friends.

D. Job. I hate unreasonable, unconscionable fellows, who when they
are weary of their Wives, will still keep 'em from other Men. Gentle-
men, ye shall command mine.

4. Wom. Thinkest thou I will out-live this affront?

D. Job. I'll trust you for that, there's ne'r a Lucrece now-a-days, the
Sex has learnt Wit since. Let me see, Antonio, thou shalt have for thy
present use, let me see, my Sixth Wife — faith she's a pretty buxom;
Wench, and deserves hearty usage from thee;

6. Wom. Traitor, I'll be reveng'd on all thy Treachery.

Ant. A mett'd Girl, I like her well: She'll endure a Rape gallantly,
I love resistance, it endears the pleasure.

D. Job. And Lopez, thou shalt have, let me see, ay, my fourth Sponse;
She's a brave Virago; and Gad if I had not been something familiar with
her already, I would venture my Life for her.

4. Wom. Vile Wretch! Think'st thou I will out-live this affront?

• Impious.

Impious Villain! Though thou hast no Sense of Virtue or Honour left, thou shalt find I have.

D. Job. Virtue and Honour! There's nothing good or ill, but as it seems to each Man's natural Appetite, if they will content freely. You must ravish Friends: That's all I know, you must ravish.

1. Wom. Unheard of Villany! Fly from this Hellish place.

Ant. Ladies, you shall fly, but we must Ravish first.

D. Lop. Yes, I assure you we must Ravish —

4. Wom. No, Monster, I'll prevent you.

[Stabs her self.

D. Ant. 'Sdeath, She's as good as her word.

The first time I e're knew a Woman so.

D. Lop. Pox on't, she has prevented me; She's dead.

D. Job. Say you so? well, go thy ways, thou wer't a Girl of pretty Parts, that's the Truth on't; but I ne'r thought this had been in thee.

2. Wom. These, sure are Devils in the shape of Men.

D. Job. Now see my Providence, if I had been Marri'd to none but her, I had been a Widower.

1. Wom. O Horror! Horror! Fly! Fly!

6. Wom. No, I'll be reveng'd first on this barbarous Wretch.

D. Job. Why look you, here's a Wench of mettle for you; go ravish quickly —

6. Wom. Let's fly, and call for help, some in the Street may help us —

[They all run off, crying, Help, Murder, Murder.

D. Ant. Let 'em go, they are confin'd, they can't get out.

D. Job. It shall ne'r be said that a Woman went out of this House Re infected; but after that, 'twill be time for to fly.

D. Lop. We have a hir'd Vessel, the Master is a brave Rogue of my acquaintance; he has been a Bandit.

D. Ant. A brave honest wicked Fellow as heart can wish, I have ravish'd, robbed, and murdered with him.

D. Job. That's well. Hey, where are my Rogues? Hey!

Enter Servant and Jacomo.

Here, Sirrah, do you send my Goods on Board.

Ant. My Man will direct you.

[Exit Servant.

D. Job. Come, Sirrah, do you remove this Body to another Room —

Jac. Oh horrid fact! what, another Murder! what shall I do?

D. Job. Leave your complaints, you Dog; I'll send you after her.

Jac. Oh! I shall be hang'd, I shall be hang'd.

D. Job. Take her up, Rascal; or I'll cut your throat.

Jac. I will, Sir. Oh mercy upon me! I shall be hang'd —

D. Job. Now, Sirrah, do you run into the streets, and force in the next Woman you meet, or I'll cut your Wind-pipe; and let no Body out —

Jac. What hellish fact will he now commit.

D. Job. Take her up, you Hen-hearted compassionate Rascal.

Jac. Heaven! what will become of me? Oh! Oh —

[Carries her off.

D. Job.

D. Job. Now, Gentlemen, you shall see I'll be civil to you, you shall not ravish alone: Indeed I am loath to meddle with mine old acquaintance, but if my Man can meet with a Woman I have not lain withall, I'll keep you company; let her be old or young, ugly or handsome, no matter.

D. Lop. Faith I will ever say, you are a well bred man.

D. Aut. A very civil person, a man of Honour.

Enter Servant, forcing in an ugly old Woman who cries out.

D. Job. This unlucky Rogue has made but a scurvy choice, but I'll keep my word. Come, Bawd, you must be ravish'd, Bawd.

Old. Wom. O murder! murder! help! help! I was never ravish'd in my life.

D. Job. That I dare swear; but to shew I am a very vigorous Man, I'll begin with you. But, you Rascal, Jaccal, I'll make you Cater better next time.

Serv. Indeed, Sir, this was the first I met.

D. Job. Come on, Beldam, thy face shall not protest thee.

Old. Wom. Oh my Honour! my Honour! help, help, my Honour!

D. Job. Come to our businels.

Enter Jacomo.

Jac. O Sir! Sir! shift for your self; we shall all be hang'd the house is beset. Oh what shall we do?

D. Job. Away, Coward: *Were the King of Spain's Army beleagu'ring us, it should not divert me from this Exploit.*

D. Aut. Nor me.

D. Lop. Nor me: Let's on.

D. Job. Keep the doors fast, Sirra. Come on.

Jac. Oh what will become of me! Oh Heav'n! mercy on me! Oh Oh!

[*Exeunt.*]

In Musk habit, Enter Maria, and her Maid Flora.

Mrs. Thus I have abandoned all my Fortune, and laid by My Sex. Revenge for thee. Assist me now, You Instruments of Blood, for my dear Brothers, And for my much more dear *Ottavio*'s sake. Where are my *Bravo*'s? — — —

Flora They have beset the Villains House, And he shall ne'r come out alive. — — —

Mrs. O let 'em shew no more remorse, Than Hungry Lions o'r their prey will. How miserable am I made by that Inhumane Monster! No savage Beast, Wild deserts e'r brought forth, provoked By all its hunger, and its natural rage, Could yet have been so cruel.

Oh my *Oð avio* ! whether art thou fled,
 From the most loving and most wretched
 Creature of her Sex ? What Ages of delight
 Each hour with thee brought forth !
 How much, when I had thee, was all the World
 Unenvied by me ! Nay, I pityed all my Sex,
 That cou'd have nothing worth their care,
 Since all the treasure of Mankind was mine.
 Methought I cou'd look down on Queens, when he
 Was with me : but now, compared to me,
 How happy is the Wretched, whose finews
 Crack upon the merciless Engine
 Of his torture ? I live with greater torments then he dies.

Flo. Leave your complaints. Tears are no Sarrifice for bloud.

Mar. Now my just grief to just revenge give place
 I am ashamed of these soft Tears, till I've
 Revenged thy horrid murder, Oh that I could
 Make the Villain linger out an Age in
 Torments ! But I will revel in his bloud : Oh
 I could suck the last drop that warms the
 Monsters heart, that might inspire me with
 Such cruelty, as vile man, with all his horrid
 Arts of power, is yet a stranger to ;
 Then I might root out all his cursed Race.

Flo. I'll follow all your fortunes, my dear Lady ;
 Had I ten thousand lives, in this cause I'd
 Venture one by one to my last stake.

Mar. Thou art my dear and faithful Creature ;
 Let not thy Fortunes thus be wreck'd with mine.
 Be gone, and leave thy most unhappy Mistris ;
 One that has miseries e'now to sink the Sex.

Flo. I will not leave you, till death takes me from you.

Mar. Oh that I had been some poor lost Mountain Girl,
 Nurs'd up by Goats, or suckl'd by wild Beasts,
 Exposed to all the rage of heats and killing colds.
 I ne'r cou'd have been abandoned to such fury.
 More savage cruelty reigns in Cities,
 Than ever yet in Desarts among the
 Most venomous Serpents, and remorseless
 Ravenous Beasts, could once be found.
 So much has barbarous Art debauched
 Mans innocent Nature.

Flo. Lay by your tears, till your revenge be finisht ;
 Then, then you may have leisure to complain.

Mar. I will 'tis bloud I now must spill, or
 Lose my own in the attempt. But if I can
 Have the fortune, with my own hand, to reach

The Dogs vile heart : I then shall die
Contented, and in the other World I'll
Torture him so, Devils shall learn of me to
Use the Damn'd.

Fl. Let's to our Sacred Instruments of revenge.

Mar. Come on : So just a cause would turn the
Vilest Ruffian to a Saint.

[*Exeunt.*]

[*Bravo's watch as Don John's bouse.*]

Maria and Flora re-enter.

Mar. Come, friends, let once a Woman preach courage
To you, inspired by my just rage this Arm
Shall teach you wonders. I'll shew you now
What Love with just Revenge can do.

1. Bravo. We are so practised in the trade of death,
We need no teaching.

Mar. There's Gold good store ; if you dispatch the Dog, I'll give you
yet much more ; if not, If all the wealth I have can buy your lives,
I'll have 'em instead of his.

1. Bravo. For half the Sum, I'd kill a Bishop at the Altar.

[*They retire.*]

Enter Don John, Don Antonio, Don Lopez, Jacomo.

D. Job. Now we have finished our design; let's make a Sally, and raise
the Siege.

D. Ant. Jacomo, do you lead the Van.

D. Lop. Lead on *Jacomo*, or we are sure to lose you; you are not good
at bringing up the Rear.

Jac. Nay, good Gentlemen, I know my self better than to take place
of Men of Quality, especially upon this occasion.

D. Job. Sirra, go on ; I'll prick him forward. Remember, if you do
not fight, I am behind you.

Jac. Oh Heaven ! Oh *Jacomo* ! what will become of thy dear person ?
Is this your Courage to put me forward, to what you dare not meet your
selves.

D. Job. No words, Rogue, on, on, I say.

Jac. Oh I shall be murdered ! murdered ! Oh ! Oh !

D. Job. On, on, you Dog.

Jac. Inhumane Master ! It must be so ! Heaven have mercy on my bet-
ter part.

Enter Maria.

Mar. Fall on, fall on, that's the Villain ! have at you, Dog--

D. Job. Courage, *Jacomo*.

[*They fight, and are driven off, but
Maria and Flora remain.*]

Jac. Oh! Oh! [D. John kills Flora]
 Mar. Oh Cowardly Villains! The Traitor will escape their hands.
 Oh Dogs! More feeble than the feeblest of our Sex. Let's after him, and try our strength.

Enter Don John. [D. John kills Flora]
 He is return'd — Fall on. [D. John kills Flora]
 D. Job. Ha! Must I encounter Boys? [D. John kills Flora]
 Flora. Oh I am slain. [Kills Flora]
 Mar. At thy Heart, base Villain. [D. John disarms Maria]
 D. Job. There, take your Sword; I'll not nip Roguery in the bud; thou mayst live to be as wicked as my self. [D. John kills Maria]
 Mar. Poor Flora! But, Dog, I'll be reveng'd on thee yet ere I die. [Exit.]

Enter Don Lopez, Don Antonio, Jacomo. [D. Lopez kills Don Antonio]
 Jac. What! no Thanks! no Reward! [D. Lopez kills Don Antonio]
 D. Job. What's the matter, Sirrah? [D. Lopez kills Don Antonio]
 Jac. What, no Acknowledgment? you are but an ungrateful Man, let me tell you that, to treat a Man of my Prowess thus. [D. Lopez kills Don Antonio]
 D. Job. What has your valour done? [D. Lopez kills Don Antonio]
 Jac. Nothing, nothing; sav'd your life only, that's all; But Men of Valour are nothing now-a-days. [D. Lopez kills Don Antonio] 'Tis an ungrateful Age, I fought like a Heroe. [D. Lopez kills Don Antonio]

D. Ant. Call'd a Stag at Bay. [D. Lopez kills Don Antonio]
 D. Lop. You can fight, when there's no way of escape, without it. [D. Lopez kills Don Antonio]
 Jac. Oh What's here! Another Murder! Fly, fly; we shall be hang'd. [D. Lopez kills Don Antonio]
 D. Job. Come on! Let's now to Sea, to try our Fortunes. [D. Lopez kills Don Antonio]
 Jac. Ay, make halte; I've laid Horses, and will shift by Land, Farewel, Sir; a good Voyage. [D. Lopez kills Don Antonio]
 D. Job. I will Murder you, if you refuse to go to Sea. [D. Lopez kills Don Antonio]
 Jac. O, good Sir, consider, do but consider; I am so Sea-sick always, that wicked Element does not agree with me. [D. Lopez kills Don Antonio]

D. Job. Dare you Dispute! Go on, I say; [D. Lopez kills Don Antonio]
 Jac. O, good Sir, think, think a little; the merciless Waves will never consider a Man of parts: Besides, Sir, I can Swim no more than I can fly. [D. Lopez kills Don Antonio]

D. Job. I'll leave you dead upon the place, if you refuse. [D. Lopez kills Don Antonio]
 Jac. O Sir, on my Knees I beg you'll let me stay. I am the last of all my Family; my Race will fail, if I should fail. [D. Lopez kills Don Antonio]

D. Job. Damn your Race. [D. Lopez kills Don Antonio]
 D. Ant. Do not we venture with you? [D. Lopez kills Don Antonio]
 Jac. You have nothing but your Lives to venture, but I have a whole Family to save; I think upon Posterity. Besides, Gentlemen, I can look for no safety in such wicked company. [D. Lopez kills Don Antonio]

D. Job. I'll kill the Villain. His fear will else betray us. [D. Lopez kills Don Antonio]
 Jac. O hold! hold! For Heavens sake hold. [D. Lopez kills Don Antonio]

Ghost of Don John's Father rises. [D. Lopez kills Don Antonio]
 Ghost. Hold! Hold!

Jac.

Jac. Ay, hold, hold. Oh Heav'n! your Father's Ghost; a Ghost! a Ghost! a Ghost! Oh! Oh! [Falls down and roars.

D. Job. 'Sdeath! What's here? my Father alive!

Ghost. No, no; Inhumanie Murderer, I am dead.

D. Job. That's well; I was afraid the old Gentleman had come for his Estate again; if you wou'd have that, 'tis too late; 'tis spent—

Ghost. Monster! behold these wounds.

D. Job. I do; they were well meant, and well perform'd, I see.

D. Ant. This is strange! How I am amaz'd!

D. Lop. Unheard of Wonder!

Ghost. Repent, repent of all thy Villanies;

My clamorous Bloud to Heav'n for vengeance cries.

Heav'n will pour out his Judgments on you all;

Hell gaps for you, for you each Fiend does call,

And hourly waits your unrepenting Fall.

You with Eternal Horrors they'll torment,

Except of all your Crimes you suddenly repent.

[Ghost sinks.

Jac. Oh! Oh! Heav'n deliver me from these Monsters.

D. Job. Farewel, thou art a foolish Ghost; Repent, quoth he! What would this mean? Our Senes are all in a Mist sure.

D. Ant. They are not, 'twas a Ghost.

D. Lop. I ne'r believ'd those foolish Tales before.

D. Job. Come, 'Tis no matter; let it be what it will, it must be natural—

D. Ant. And Nature is unalterable in us too.

D. Job. 'Tis true, the Nature of a Ghost cannot change ours.

D. Lop. It was a silly Ghost, and I'll no sooner take his word than a Whores.

D. Job. Thou art in the right. Come, Fool, Fool, rise; the Ghost is gone.

Jac. Oh! I die, I die; pray let me die in quiet.

D. Ant. Oh! If he be dying, take him up; we'll give him Burial in the Sea. Come on.

Jac. Hold, hold, Gentlemen; Bury me not till I am dead, I beseech you—

D. Job. If you be not, Sirra, I'll run you through.

Jac. Hold, hold, Sir, I'le go; I'le go—

D. Lop. Let's on.

D. Ant. Let's on.

D. Job. Should all the Bugbeats Cowards feign appear,
I would urge on without one Thought of Fear.

D. Ant. And I.

D. Lop. And I.

[Exeunt Omnes.

A C T III.

Enter Don John, Don Lopez, Don Antonio, Jacomo, Captain of the Ship, Master and Sailors.

Master. **M**ercy upon us! What sudden dreadful Storm is this? we are all lost; we shall split upon the Rocks. Loof, loof—

Jac. Oh! Oh! Mercy! Oh I was afraid of this! See what your wickedness has brought me to? Mercy! Mercy!

D. Job. Take away thy Cowardly Face, it offends me, Rascal.

Capt. Such dreadful claps of Thunder I never yet remember'd.

D. Job. Let the Clouds roar on, and vomit all their Sulphur out, they ne'r shall fright me.—

D. Ant. These are the Squibs and Crackers of the Sky.

D. Lop. Fire on, Fire on; we are unmov'd.

Capt. The Heavens are all on fire; these unheard of Prodigies amaze me.

D. Job. Can you that have stood so many Cannons, be frightened at the farting and the belching of a Cloud?

Master. Bless me, Captain! Six of our Foremast-men are even now struck dead with Lightning.

Sail. O that clap has rent our Masts in sunder.

Jac. O we are lost! You can Swim, Sir; pray save me, Sir, for my own, and Families sake.—

D. Job. Toss these cowardly Rogues over-board. Captain, Courage! Let the Heavens do their worst, 'tis but Drowning at last.

Jac. But— in the name of Heav'n, but Drowning, quoth he; your Drowning will prepare you for Burning, though Oh, Oh, Oh.—

Sail. Captain, Captain, the Ship's on fire in the Fore-castle.—

Capt. All hands to work upon the Forecastle. Heav'n! How it blazes already!—

Jac. Oh! Oh! We Burn, we Drown, We Sink, Oh! We Perish, We are Lost, We are Lost. Oh, Oh, Oh.—

Master. O horrid Apparitions! Devils stand and guard the Fire, and will not suffer us to quench it. We are lost.

Enter Captain.

Capt. In all the dangers I have been, such horrors I never knew; I am quite unmann'd.

D. Lop. A Man and fear: 'tis but dying at last.

D. Job. I never yet could know what that foolish thing Fear is.

Capt. Help, help, the Fire increases. What horrid sights are these? where e're I turn me, fearful Spirits appear.

[Exeunt Captain and Sailors.
D. Job.

D. Job. Let's into the Boat, and with our Swords keep out all others.

D. Ant. While they are busie about the Fire we may 'scape.

D. Lop. If we get from hence, we certainly shall perish on the Rocks.

D. Job. I warrant you —

Jac. O good Gentlemen, let us shift for our selves, and let the rest Burn or Drown, and be damn'd and they will.

D. Job. No, you have been often leaving me: Now shall be the time we'll part. Farewel.

Jac. Oh! I'll stand by you while I live. Oh the Devil, the Devil! What horrors do I feel? Oh I am kill'd, I am dead!

[A Thunder-clap strikes Don John and Jacomo down.

D. Job. 'Sdeath! Why this to me? You poultry foolish bugbear Thunder, Am I the mark of your sensles Rage?

D. Lop. Nothing but accident. Let's leap into the Boat.

D. Ant. The Sailors all make-towards us; they'll in and sink it.

D. Job. Sirra, if you come on, you run upon my Sword.

Jac. O cruel Tyrant! I burn, I drown, I sink! Oh I die, I am lost.

Capt. All shift aboard; we perish, we are lost.

Matt. All lost, all lost.

[A great shriek, they all leap over-board.

Enter an old Hermit.

Herm. This Fourty years I've liv'd in this neighb'ring Cave, and from these dreadful Cliffs which are always beaten by the foaming Surges of the Sea; beheld the Ocean in its wildest Rage, and ne'r yet saw a Storh so dreadful: such horrid flashes of Lightning, and such claps of Thunder, never were in my remembrance. Yon Ship is all on fire, and the poor miserable Wretches must all perish. The dreadful Object melts my Heart, and brings a flood of Tears into my Eyes: It is prodigious; for on the sudden, all the Heavens are clear again, and the enraged Sea is become more patient.

Enter Don Francisco.

D. Fran. Oh Father, have you not been frighted at this prodigious Storm, and at yon dreadful spectacle?

Herm. No Man that has an apprehension, but wou'd have been m'd with horror.

D. Fran. 'Twas the most violent Tempest I ever saw. Hold, yonder are some coming in a small Vessel, and must necessarily split upon the Rock; I'll go and help to succor 'em.

Herm. Here are some this way, just come in a small Boat: Go you to those, and these I will assist —

D. Fran. I'll haste to their relief —

Exit Don Francisco.

Herm. Hah! these are come safe to Land, three Men, goodly Men they seem to be; I am bound in Charity to serve them: they come towards me.

Enter

Enter Don John, Don Antonio, and Don Lopez.

D. Job. Much ado, we are safe, but my Man's left; pox on him, I shall miss the Fool, it was a necessary Blockhead.

D. Ant. But you have lost your Goods, which were more necessary.

D. Lop. Our Jewels and Money we have all about us.

D. Job. It makes me laugh to think, how the Fools we left behind were puzz'd which death to chuse, Burning or Drowning.

D. Ant. But how shall we dispose of our selves, we are plaguey Wet and Cold. Hah! What old Fool is that?

D. Lop. It is a Hermit, a fellow of mighty Beard and Sanctity.

D. Job. I know not what Sanctity he may have, but he has Beard enough to make an Owl's Nest, or staff a Saddle with.

Herm. Gentlemen, I see you are Shipwreck'd, and in distress, and my Function obliges me in Charity, to succor you in what I may.

D. Ant. Alas! What canst thou help us to? Dost thou know of ever a House near hand, where we may be furnished with some necessaries?

Herm. On the other side of this vast Rock, there is a fertile and a pleasant Valley, where one *Don Francisco*, a rich and hospitable Man, has a sweet Dwelling; he will entertain you nobly: He's gone to assist some Shipwreck'd Persons, and will be here presently. In the mean time, what my poor Cave can afford, you shall be welcome to.

D. Lop. What can that afford? You oblige your self to Fasting and Abstinence.

Herm. I have studied Physick for the relief of needy People, and I have some Cordials which will refresh you; I'll bring one to you—

Exit Hermit.

D. Job. A good civil old Hypocrite: But this is a pleasant kind of Religion, that obliges 'em to nastiness and want of Meat. I'll ha' none on't.

D. Ant. No, nor of any other, to my knowledge.

Enter Hermit with a Cordial.

Herm. Gentlemen, pray taste of this Viol, it will comfort your cold Stomacks.

D. Job. Ha! 'tis excellent faith. Let it ga round.

Herm. Heav'n bless it to you.

D. Lop. Ha! it warms.

D. Ant. Thank thee, thou art a very honest old Fellow I'faith.

D. Job. I see thou art very civil; but you must supply us with one necessary more; a very necessary thing, and very refreshing.

Herm. What's that, Sir?

D. Job. It is a Whore, a fine young baxdom Whore.

D. Ant. A Whore, Old Man, a Whore.

D. Lop. A Whore, Old Man, a Whore.

Herm. Bless me, are you Men or Devils?

D. Job. Men, men, and men of lust and vigor. Prethee, old Sot, leave

leave thy prating, and help me to a Strumpet, a fine salacious Strumpet. I know you Zealots have enough of 'em. Women love your godly Whore-masters.

Herm. Oh Monsters of Impiety! are you so lately escap'd the wrath of Heaven, thus to provoke it?

D. Ant. How! by following the Dictates of Nature, who can do otherwise?

D. Lop. All our Actions are necessitated, none command their own wills.

Herm. Oh horrid blasphemy! would you lay your dreadful and unheard of vices upon Heaven? No, ill men, that has given you free-will to good.

D. Job. I find thou retir'st here, and never read'st or think'st. Can that blind faculty the Will be free, when it depends upon the Understanding? Which argues first before the Will can chuse; And the last Dictate of the Judgment sways The Will, as in a Balance, the last Weight. Put in the scale, lifts up the other end. And with the same Necessity.

Herm. But foolish men and sinners act against Their Understandings, which inform 'em better.

D. Ant. None willingly do any thing against the last Dictates of their Judgments, whatso'e're men do, Their present opinions lead 'em to.

D. Lop. As fools that are afraid of Sin, are by the thought Of present pleasure, or some other reason, Necessarily byass'd to pursue The opinion they are of at that moment.

Herm. The Understanding yet is free, and might perswade 'em better.

D. Job. The Understanding never can be free; For what we understand, spite of our selves we do: All objects are ready form'd and plac'd To our hands; and these the Senses to the Mind convey, And as those represent them, this must judge: How can the Will be free, when the understanding, On which the Will depends, cannot be so.

Herm. Lay by your devilish Philosophy, and change the dangerous and destructive course of your lead lives.

D. Ant. Change our natures, Go bid a Blackamore be white, we follow our Constitutions, which we did not give our selves.

D. Lop. What we are, we are by Nature, our reason tells us we must follow that.

D. Job. Our Constitutions tell us one thing, and yours another; and which must we obey? If we be bad, 'tis Natures fault that made us so.

Herm. Farewell. I dare no longer hear your impious discourse. Such hardened Wretches I ne'r heard of yet.

[*Exit Herm.*]

D. Ant.

D. *Ans.* Farwell, old Fool.

D. *Job.* Thus Sots condemn what they can never answer.

Enter Don Francisco.

This I believe is *Francisco*, whom he spoke of, if he has but a handsome Wife, or Daughters, we are happy.

D. *Lop.* Sir, we are shipwrecked men, and if you can direct us to a place, where we may be furnished with some necessaries, you will oblige us —

D. *Franc.* Gentlemen, I have a house hard by, you shall be welcome to it: I even now endeavoured to succor a Youth and beauteous Woman who, with two Sailers, in a Boat, were driven towards these Rocks, but were forced back again, and, I fear, are lost by this time. I desire nothing more, than to assist men in extremes, and am 'o' joy'd at the opportunity of serving you.

D. *Job.* We thank you.

D. *Fran.* You shall command my house as long as you please: I see you are Cavaliers, and hope you will bear with some inconvenience. I have two young, and, though I say it, handsome Daughters, who are, to morrow morning to be married; the Solemnity will bring much company together, which, I fear, may incomode my house and you —

D. *Ans.* You pose us with this kindness.

D. *Job.* What ever pleases you, cannot be inconvenient to us.

D. *Lop.* On the contrary, we shall be glad to assist you at the Ceremony, and help to make up the joyful Chorus.

D. *Fran.* You shall command my house and me; I'll shew you the way to it.

D. *Job.* Your humble Servant. We'll follow you.

[Exit Don Francisco.

This is an admirable adventure.

He has Daughters, Boys, and to be married too:

If they have been so foolish, to preserve those

Toys, they call *Maidenheads*; albeit sensles

Husbands shall not be troubled with them:

I'll ease them of those. Pox, what should those dull

Drudging Animals, call'd Husbands, do with such Treasures:

No, they are for honest Whore-masters, Boys.

D. *Ans.* Well said, *Don*, we will not be wanting in our endeavours to succeed you.

D. *Lop.* To you alone we must give place. Alloos.

[Exeunt.

Enter Hermit, Maria in Man's habit, and Leonora.

Herm. Heaven be praised, you are safely now on Land.

Mar. We thank you, reverend Father, for your assistance.

Leon. We never shall forget the obligation.

Herm. I am happy to be so good an Instrument.

Leon. We followed a Vessel, which we saw fired with Lightning, and we fear that none of 'em escaped.

Mar.

Mar. I hope the Villain I pursue has scap'd. I would not be revenged by Heaven, but my own hand; or, if not by that, by the Hangman's.

Leon. Did any come to land? for I most nearly am concern'd for one; the grief for whom, if he be lost, will soon, I fear destroy me.

Herm. Here were three of that company came safe to Land; but such impious Wretches, as did not deserve to escape, and such as no virtuous person can be concerned for, sure; I was stiff with fear and horrour when I heard 'em talk.

Mar. Three, say you?

Leon. By this sad description it must be *Don John*, and his two wicked Associates; I am ashamed to confess the tenderness I have for him. Why should I love that Wretch? Oh my too violent passion hurries me I know not whether! into what fearfull dangerous Labyrinths of misery will it conduct me.

Mar. Were they Gentlemen?

Herm. By their out-side they seem'd so, but their in-sides declared them Devils.

Mar. Heaven! it must be the Villain and his barbarous Companions. They are reserved for my revenge: Assist me, Heaven, in that just cause. Oh, Villain, Villain! inhumane Villain! Each minute is, me-thinks, a tedious Age, Till I have dipt my hands in thy hearts bloud.

Herm. You seem'd o'r-joy'd at the news of their safe arrival: Can any have a kindness for such dissolute abandon'd Atheists.

Mar. No; tis revenge that I pursue against the basest of all villains.

Herm. Have a care; Revenge is Heavens, and must not be usurped by Mortals.

Mar. Mine is revenge for Rapes and cruel murders, and those Heaven leaves to Earth to punish.

Herm. They are horrid crimes, but Magistrates must punish them.

Leon. What do I hear? were he the basest of all men, my love is so head-strong and so wild within me, I must endeavour to preserve him, or destroy my self: To what deplorable condition am I fall'n? what chains are these that hold me? Oh that I could break them! and yet I wou'd not if I cou'd; Oh my heart!

Herm. They are gone to one *Don Francisco*'s house, that Road will bring you to it; 'tis on the other side of this Rock, in a pleasant Valley. I have not stir'd these fourty years from these small bounds, or I wou'd give him notice what Devils he harbours in his house. You will do well to do it.

Jac. (within) Help, help, murder! I am drown'd, I am dead; Help, help!

Herm. Hah! what voice is that? I must assist him —

Mar. Father, farewell. Come, Madam, will you go to this house? Now, Monster, for my revenge.

Leon. I will ; but for different ends we go ;
'Tis Love conducts me, but Revenge brings you.

[*Exeunt Maria, Leonora.*]

Jac. Oh Help, Help ! I Sink, I Sink !

Herm. Poor Man, sure he is almost drown'd.

Jac. No, not yet ; I have only drunk something too much of a scurvy unpleasent Liquor.

Herm. Reach me your hand —

[*Pulls him out.*]

Jac. Ay, and my heart too ; Oh ! Oh !

Sir, a thousand Thanks to you : I vow to Gad, y're a very civil person, and, as I am an honest Man, have done me the greatest kindness in the World, next to the piece of the Mast which I floated upon, which I must ever love and honour ; I am sorry it swam away, I wou'd have preserv'd it, and hung it up in the seat of our antient Family.

Herm. Thank Heaven for your deliverance, and leave such vain Thoughts.

Jac. I do with all my heart ; but I am not settled enough to say my Prayers yet : Pray, Father, do you for me : 'tis nothing with you, you are us'd to it, it is your Trade.

Herm. Away, vain Man ; you speak as if you had drunk too deeply of another Liquor than Sea-water.

Jac. No, I have not, but I wou'd fain : Where may a Man light of a Glass of good Wine ? I would gladly have an Antidote to my poison. Methinks, Pah ! these Fishes have but a scurvy time ; I am sure they have very ill drinking.

Herm. Farewel, and learn more Devotion and Thankfulness to Heav'n —

[*Exit Herm.*]

Jac. Ha ! 'tis uncivilly done to leave a Man in a strange Country. But these Hermits have no breeding. Poor *Jacomo*, Dear *Jacomo*, how I love thy Person, how glad am I to see thee safe ? for I swear, I think thou art as honest a fellow as e're I met with. Well, farewell, thou wicked Element ; if ever I trust thee again — Well, Haddock, I defy you, you shall have none of me, not a Collop ; no, no, I will be eaten by Worms, as all my Ancestors have been. If Heaven will but preserve me from the Monsters of the Land, my Master and his two Companions (who, I hope, are drown'd) I'll preserve my self from those of the Sea. Let me see, here is a path — this must lead to some House. I'll go, for I am plaguy sick with this Salt water. Pah — [*Exit Jacomo.*]

Enter *Clara* and *Flavia* with her two Maids.

Clar. Oh, *Flavia*, this will be our last happy Night, to Morrow is our execution day ; we must Marry.

Flav. Ay, *Clara*, we are condemn'd without Reprieve. 'Tis better to live as we have done, kept from all Men, than for each to be confin'd to one, whom yet we never saw, and a thousand to one shall never like.

Clar. Out on't, a Spanish Wife has a worse life than a coop'd Chicken.

[*Flavia.*]

Flav. A singing Bird in a Cage is a Princely Creature, compar'd to that poor Animal, call'd a Wife, here.

Cler. Birds are made tame by being Cag'd, but Women grow wild by confinement, and that, I fear, my Husband will find to his cost.

Flav. None live pleasantly here, but those who should be miserable, Strumpets: They can choose their Mates, but we must be like Slaves condemn'd to the Gallies; we have not liberty to sell our Selves, or venture one throw for our freedom.

Cler. O that we were in *England*! there, they say, a Lady may chuse a Footman, and run away with him, if she likes him, and no dishonour to the Family.

Flav. That's because the Families are so very Honourable, that nothing can touch them: their Wives run and ramble whither, and with whom they please, and desie all censure.

Cler. Ay, and a jealous Husband is a more monstrous Creature there, than a Wittal here, and wou'd be more pointed at: They say, if a Man be jealous there, the Women will all joyn and pull him to pieces.

Flav. Oh happy Country! we ne'r touch Money, there the Wives can spend their Husband's Estate for 'em. Oh Bleſ'd Country!

Cler. Ay, there they say the Husbands are the prettiest civil easie good natur'd indifferent Persons in the whole World; they ne'r mind what their Wives do, not they.

Flav. Nay, they say, they love those men best that are kindest to their Wives. Good Men! Poor Hearts. And here, if an honest Gentleman offers a Wife a Civility by the By, our bloody Butcherly Husbands are cutting of Throats presently.

Cler. Oh that we had these frank civil *Englishmen*, instead of our grave dull surly *Spanish* Blockheads, whose greatest Honour lies in preserving their Beards and Foreheads inviolable.

Flav. In *England*, if a Husband and Wife like not one another, they draw two several ways, and make no hopes on't, while the Husband Treats his Miftriss openly in his Glass Coach; the Wife, for Decency's sake, puts on her Vizar, and whips away in a Hackney with a Gallant, and no harm done.

Cler. Though of late 'tis as unfashionable for a Husband to love his Wife there, as 'tis here, yet 'tis fashionable for her to love some body else, and that's something.

Flav. Nay, they say, Gentlemen will keep company with a Cuckold there, as soon as another Man, and ne'r wonder at him.

Cler. Oh happy Country! there a Woman may chuse for her self, and none will into the Trap of Matrimony; unless she likes the Bait; but here we are tumbled headlong and blindfold into it.

Flav. We are us'd as they use Hawks, never unhooded, or whistled off, till they are just upon the Quarry.

Cler. And 'tis for others, not our selves, we fly too.

Flav. No more, this does but put us in mind of our misery.

Clar. It does so : But prethee let's be merry one night, to Morrow
is our last. Farewel all Happiness.

Flav. O that this happy day would last our Lives time. But prethee,
my Dear, let's have thy Song, and divert our Selves as well as we can
in the mean time.

Clar. 'Tis a little too wanton.

Flav. Prethee let's be a little wanton this Evening, to Morrow we
must take our leaves on't.

Clar. Come on then ; our Maids shall joyn in the *Chorus* :
Here they are.

SONG.

VVoman who is by Nature wild,
Dull bearded Men incloses ;
Of Nature's freedom we're beguil'd
By Laws which Man imposes :
Who still himself continues free,
Yet we poor Slaves must fester'd be.

Chor. A shame on the Curse
Of, For better for worse ;
Tis a vile imposition on Nature :
For Women should change,
And have freedom to range,
Like to every other wild Creature.

So gay a thing was ne'r design'd
To be restrain'd from roving
Heav'n meant so changeable a Mind
Should have its change in loving.
By cunning we could make Men smart,
But they by strength o'recome our Art.

Chor. A shame on the Curse
Of, For, &c.

How happy is the Village Maid,
Whom only Love can fester ;
By foolish Honour ne'r betray'd,
She serves a Power much greater :
That lawfull Prince the wisest rules,
Th' Usurper's Honour rules but Fools.

Chor. A shame on the Curse
Of, For, &c.

*Let us resume our antient Right,
Make Man at distance wonder ;
Though be victorious be in Fight,
In Love we'll keep him under.
VVar and Ambition hence be hurl'd,
Let Love and Beauty rule the VVorld.*

Chor. *A shame on the Curse
Of, For better, &c.*

Flav. Oh, dear Clara, that this were true ! But now let's home, our Father will miss us.

Clar. No, he's walk'd abroad with the three Shipwreck'd Gentlemen.

Flav. They're proper handsome Gentlemen ; but the chief, whom they call *Don John*, exceeds the rest.

Clar. I never saw a finer person ; pray Heaven either of our Husbands prove as good.

Flav. Do not name 'em. Let the Maids go home, and if my Father be there, let him know we are here. [*Exitus Maids.*]

Clar. In the mean time, if he be thereabouts, do you go down that Walk, and I'll go this way, and perhaps one of us shall light on him.

Flav. Agreed. [*Exitus Ambo.*]

Enter Don John, Don Lopez, Don Antonio.

D. Job. Where have you left the Old Man, *Don Francisco* ?

D. Lop. He's very busie at home, seeing all things prepar'd for his Daughters Weddings to Morrow.

D. Job. His Daughters are gone this way : if you have any friendship for me, go and watch the Old Man ; and if he offers to come towards us, divert him, that I may have freedom to attack his Daughters.

D. Ant. You may be sure of us, that have serv'd you with our Lives : besides, the justice of this Cause will make us serve you. Adieu.

[*Exetus Don Lop. Don Ant.*]

D. Job. Now for my Virgins. Assist me Love. Fools, you shall have no Maidenheads to Morrow night. Husbands have Maidenheads ! no, no — poor sneaking Fools.

Enter Jacomo.

Jac. I have lost my way, I think I shall never find this House : But I shall never think my self out of the way, unless I meet my impious Master ; Heaven grant he be Drown'd.

D. Job. How now, Rascal, are you alive ?

Jac. Oh Heaven ! He's here. Why was this leud Creature say'd ; I am in a worse condition than ever ; now I have scap'd Drowning, he brings hanging flesh into my Memory.

D. Job. What mute, Sirrah ?

Jac. Sir, I am no more your Servant, you partel with me, I thank you,

you, Sir, I am beholding to you: Farewel, good Sir, I am my own Man now —

D. Job. No: Though you are a Rogue, you are a necessary Rogue, and I'll not part with you.

Jac. I must be gone, I dare not venture further with you.

D. Job. Sirrah, Do you know me, and dare you say this to me? have at your Guts, I will rip you from the Navel to the Chin.

Jac. O good Sir, hold, hold. He has got me in his clutches, I shall never get loose — Oh! Oh!

D. Job. Come Dog, follow me close, stinking Rascal.

Jac. I am too well pickl'd in the Salt water to stink, I thank you, I shall keep a great while. But you were a very generous Man, to leave a Gentleman, your Friend in danger, as you did me. I have reason to follow you: But if I serve you not in your kind, then am I a fow's'd Sturgeon.

D. Job. Follow me, Sirrah; I see a Lady.

Jac. Are you so fierce already?

Enter Clara singing, A shame on the Curse, &c.

Clar. Ha! This is the Stranger; What makes him here?

D. Job. A delicate Creature. Ha! This is the Lady. How happy am I to meet you here —

Clar. What mean you, Sir?

D. Job. I was undone enough before, with seeing your Picture in the Gallery; but I see you have more Excellencies than Beauty, your Voice needed not have conspir'd with that to ruin me.

Clar. Have you seen my Picture?

D. Job. And lov'd it above all things I ever saw, but the Original. I am lost beyond redemption, unless you can pity me.

Jac. (aside.) He has been lost a hundred times, but he always finds himself again — and me too; a pox on him.

D. Job. When Love had taken too fast hold on me, ever to let me go, I too late found you were to Morrow to be Marry'd.

Clar. Yes, I am condemn'd to one I never saw, and you are come to railly me and my misfortunes.

Jac. Ah, Madam, say not so, my Master is always in earnest.

D. Job. So much I am in earnest now, that if you have no way to break this Marriage off, and pity me, I soon shall repent I ever came to Land; I shall suffer a worse wrack upon the Shore, here I shall linger out my life in the worst of pains, despairing Love; there I should have perish'd quickly —

Jac. Ah poor Man! he's in a desperate condition, I pity him with all my heart —

D. Job. Peace, Rascal. Madam, this is the only opportunity I am like to have; Give me leave to improve it.

Clar. Sure, Sir, you cannot be in earnest.

D. Job. If all the Oaths under the Sun can convince you, Madam, I swear —

Jac. O Sir, Sir, have a care of Swearing, for fear you should, once in your life, be forsworn —

D. Job. Peace, Dog, or I shall slit your Wind-pipe.

Jac. Nay, I know if he be forsworn, 'tis the first time, that's certain.

Clar. But, Sir, if you be in earnest, and I had an inclination, 'Tis impossible to bring it about, my Father has dispos'd of me.

D. Job. Dispose of your self, I'le do well enough with him, and my Fortune and Quality are too great for him, for whom you are intended, to dispute with me.

Clar. If this be true, wou'd you win a Woman at first sight?

D. Job. Madam, this is like to be the first and last; to Morrow is the fatal day that will undo me.

Jac. Courage, Don, Matters go well.

Clar. Nay, I had rather have a Peasant of my own chusing, than an Emperor of another's. He is a handsome Gentleman, and seems to be of Quality: Oh that he could rid me of my intended slavery.

Sir, talk not of impossible things; for could I wish this, my Father's Honour will not suffer him to dispense with his promise.

D. Job. I'le carry you beyond his power, and your intended Husband's too.

Clar. It cannot be; but I must leave you, I dare not be seen with you —

D. Job. Remember the short time you have to think on this: will you let me perish without relief? if you will have pity on a wretched Man, I have a Priest in my company, Ple Marry you, and we'll find means to fly early in the Morning, before the house are stirring.

Clar. I confess I am to be condemn'd to a slavery, that nothing can be worse; yet this were a rash attempt.

D. Job. If you will not consent to my just desires, I am resolv'd to kill my self, and fall a Sacrifice to your disdain. Speak, speak my doom —

[Holds his Sword to his Breast.]

Clar. Hold, hold —

Jac. Ay, hold, hold: poor foolish Woman, she shou'd not need to bid him hold.

Clar. I'le find a means this night to speak with you alone; but I fear this is but for your diversion.

Jac. Yes, 'tis for diversion indeed; the common diversion of all the World.

D. Job. By all that's great and good my Intentions are Honourable.

Clar. Farewel, Sir, I dare not stay longer.

D. Job. Will you keep your Word, Madam?

Jac. You'll keep yours, no doubt —

Clar.

Clar. I will, any thing rather than marry one I cannot love, as I can no man of another's choosing.

D. Job. Remember, Madam, I perish if you do not; I have only one thing to say, Keep this Secret from your Sister, till we have effected it; I'll give you sufficient reason for what I say.

[*Exit Clar.*]

Victoria, Victoria; I have her fast, she's my own.

Jac. You are a hopefull man, you may come to good in time.

Enter Flavia.

D. Job. Here is the other Sister; have at her.

Jac. Why, Sir, Sir; have you no conscience?

Will not one at once serve your turn?

D. Job. Stand by, Fool. Let me see, you are the Lady.

Flav. What say you Sir?

D. Job. You have lately taken up a stray heart of mine, I hope you do not intend to detain it, without giving me your own in exchange.

Flav. I a heart of yours? since when, good Sir? you are but this day shipwrack'd on this Coast, and never saw my face before.

D. Job. I saw your Picture, and I saw your motion, both so charming, I could not resist them; but now I have a nearer view, I see plainly I am lost.

Flav. A goodly handsome man! but what can this mean?

D. Job. Such killing Beauties I ne'er saw before; my heart is irreversibly gone.

Flav. Whether is it gone, Sir? I assure you I have no such thing about me, that I know of.

D. Job. Ah, Madam, if you wou'd give me leave to search you, I should find it in some little corner about you, that shall be nameless.

Flav. It cannot be about me, I have none but my own, and that I must part with to morrow to I know not whom.

D. Job. If the most violent love that man e'er knew can e'er deserve that treasure, it is mine; if you give that way, you lose the truest Lover that e'er languished yet.

Jac. What can be the end of this; Sure Blood must follow this dishonour of the Family, and I unfortunate, shall have my throat cut for company.

Flav. Do you know where you are?

D. Job. Yes, Madam, in *Spain*, where opportunities are very scarce and those that are wife make use of 'em as soon as they have 'em.

Flav. You have a mind to divert your self; but I must leave you, I am disposed to be more serious.

D. Job. Madam, I swear by all —

Jac. Hold, hold; will you be forsworn again?

D. Job. Peace, Villain, I shall cut that tongue out.

Flav. Farewell, I cannot stay.

[*Exit Flavia.*]

D. Job. I'll not leave her; I'll thaw her if she were Ice, before I have done with her.

Jac. There is no end of this lewdness. Well, I must be kill'd or hang'd
ace for all, and there's an end on't. [Exeunt.]

Enter Maria and Leonora [Exeunt.]

Leon. I am faint with what I suffered at Sea, and with my wan-
dering since; let us repose a little, we shall not find this house to night.

Mar. I n'er shall rest till I have found *Don Francisco*'s house; but I'll
sit down awhile.

Leon. I hope he will not find it, till I have found means to give *Don John*
warning of his cruel intentions; I would save his life, who I fear,
would not do that for me. But in the miserable case that I am in, if he
denies his love, death would be the welcom'st thing on earth to me.

Mar. Oh my *Ostasio*! how does the loss of thee perplex me with de-
spair! the honour of Mankind is gone with thee. Why do I whine? grief
shall no longer usurp the place of my revenge. How could I gnaw the
Monsters heart, Villain! I'll be with you. When I have reveng'd my
dear *Ostasio*'s loss, I then shall die contented.

Enter Don Lopez and Don Antonio

D. Lop. The old mans safe; I long to know *Don John*'s success.

D. Ant. He's engag'd upon a noble cause: If he succeeds, 'twill be a
victory worth the owning.

D. Lop. Hali! whom have we hear? a young man well habited, with
a Lady too; they seem to be strangers.

D. Ant. A mischief comes into my head, that's worth the doing.

D. Lop. What's that, dear *Antonio*?

D. Ant. We are in a strange Countrey, and may want money: I would
rob that young Fellow. We have not robb'd a good while; me-thinks
'tis a new wickednes to me.

D. Lop. Thou art in the right. I hate to commit the same dull sin over
and over again, as if I were marri'd to it: variety makes all things
pleasant.

D. Ant. But there's one thing we'll ne'r omit. When we have robb'd
the Man, we'll ravish the Womun.

D. Lop. Agreed; let's to't, man. Come on, young Gentleman, we
must see what riches you have about you.

Mar. O Villains! Thieves! Thieves! these are the inhumane Compa-
nions of that bloody Monster.

Leon. Have pity on poor miserable Strangers.

D. Ant. Peace; we'll use you kindly, very kindly.

D. Lop. Go you carry that young Gentleman, bind him to a Tree,
and bring the money, while I wait upon the Lady.

D. Ant. Will you play me no foul play in the mean time then? For we
must cast Lots about the busines you wot of.

D. Lop. No, upon my honour.

Mar. Honour, you Villain?

D. Ant. Come, young Gentleman, I'll taue you;

Mar. Help! help! — [Exit Don Ant. *baling Maria.*

Leon. Have you no humanity in you? Take our money, but leave us liberty; be not so barb'rously cruel.

D. Ant. Come, I have made hast with him; now let us draw Cuts who enjoys the Lady first.

Leon. O heav'n assist me! what do I hear? help! help!

Enter four or five Country Fellows, coming from work.

1. Count. Fel. What, two men a robbing of a Lady! Be gone; and let her alone, or we have fower Cudgels shall waller your bones, I tell you that.

D. Ant. How now, Rogues? [Fight off the Stage.

Leon. Thanks to Heav'n, I fly! I fly! where shall I hide my seif. [Exh.

Enter Don John and Jacomo.

D. Job. I shall conquer 'em bòth. Now, Sirrah, what think you?

Jac. Why I think you manage your busines as discreetly, and take as much pains to have your throat cut, as any man in Spain.

D. Job. Your fear o'r-rules your sens, mine is a life Monarchs might envy.

Jac. 'Tis like to be a very short one at this rate.

D. Job. Away, Fool, 'tis dark; I must be gone; I shall scarce find the way home.

Enter Leonora.

Leon. Heaven guard me from these wicked Wretches. Help! help! they are here.

D. Job. How now, Madam? what, afraid of a man!

Leon. Don John, no, not of you; you are the man i'th' world I would have met.

D. Job. Leonora, you are the woman i'th' world I would have avoided. 'Sdeath! she will spoil my new designs; but I have a trick for her. What miracle brought you hither?

Leon. Love, that works the greatest miracles, made me follow you; and the same Storm drove me on this shoar, on which you were thrown, and thus far I've wander'd till I have found you.

D. Job. This is the most unreasonable unsatiable loving Lady, that evet was abus'd by man; she has a kind of Spaniel love, the worse you use her, the more loving she is. Fox on her, I must be rid of her.

Leon. I am very faint and weary, yet I was resolv'd not to rest till I had found you.

D. Job. Your unweared love has o'rcome and convic'd me, there is not such a Woman breathing.

Leon. This is a Sovereign Medicine for all my sorrows, I now, methinks am happier than ever: But I am faint and ill.

D. Job. Here, Madam, I have an excellent Cordial, 'twill refresh you; and

and I'll conduct you where you shall never be unhappy more.

Leon. From that dear hand 'tis welcome—

To your health,

D. Job. And to your own destruction ; you have drunk your last.

Leon. What means my Love ?

D. Job. Y'have drunk the subtlest poison that Art e'r yet invented.

Jac. O murder ! murder ! what have you done ?

D. Job. Peace, Villain, leave your unseasonable pity —

You cannot live two minutes.

Leon. O ungratefull Tyrant ! thou hast murdered the onely Creature living that cou'd love thee. Heaven will revenge it, though to me 'tis kindness. Here all my sorrows shall for ever cease.

D. Job. Why would you persecute me with your love ?

Leon. I could not help it. I came to preserve you, and am destroyed for't.

Jac. Oh horrid fact !

D. Job. To preserve me ! I wear my safety by my side.

Leon. Oh I faint ! Guard your self. There's a young Gentleman pursues your life. Have a Care ! I came to tell you this, and thus I am rewarded. Heav'n pardon you. Farewell. I can no more.

[*Dies.*]

Jac. This object sure will strike your heart ! Tigers would melt at this. Oh the Earth will open and swallow you up, and me for company. There's no end of your murders.

D. Job. This is the first time I ever knew compassion.

Poor Fool, I pity her, but tis too late.

Farewell all sensless thoughts of a remorse, I would remove what e'r wou'd stop my course.

[*Exeunt.*]

A C T IV.

Enter Don John, Don Lopez, Don Antonio, Jacomo.

D. Job. ~~T~~His nights success exceeded all my hopes. I had admittance to their several Chambers, and I have been contracted to both the Sisters, and this day resolve to marry 'em, and at several times enjoy them ; and, in my opinion, I shall have a brace of as pretty Wives, as any man in Spain.

D. Ant. Brave *Don John*, you are master of your Art, not a Woman in Spain can stand before you.

D. Lop. We can but envy you, and at a distance imitate ; But both their Maids shall to pot, I assure you.

Jac. How far will the Devil hurry you.

D. Job. Tis not the Devil, 'tis the flesh Fool.

Jac. Here will be fine cutting of throats. Poor *Jacomo*, must tlo 1 be cut off in the flower of thy Age ?

Enter Don Francisco.

D. Fran. Gentlemen, your Servant; I hope you rested well this night.

D. Lop. We Thank you, Sir; never better.

D. Ant. We never shall requite this obligation.

Jac. I warrant you my Master will; he's a very grateful civil Person indeed.

D. Job. The Favour is too great to be suddenly requited; but I shall study to deserve it.

Jac. Good man, you will deserve it.

Enter Two Bridegrooms.

D. Fran. Gentlemen, you are come, you are early.

1. Bridegr. This joyful occasion made us think it late.

2. Bridegr. The expectation of so great a Blessing as we this day hope to enjoy, would let us have but little Rest last night.

1. Bridegr. And the fruition will afford us less to night.

D. Job. Poor Fools! you shall be bob'd. How it tickles my Spleen to think on't.

D. Fran. These are to be my Sons-in-law.

D. Job. And my Cuckolds before-hand.

D. Fran. Pray know 'em, Gentlemen, they are Men of Honour.

D. Job. I shall be glad to serve them; But first I'll serve their Ladies.

D. Fran. Come, Gentlemen, I'll now conduct you to my Daughters; and beg your pardon for a moment, I'll wait on you again.

Exit Don Fran. and Bridegrooms.

D. Ant. These Fools will spoil your Design.

D. Job. No, poor Sots; I have perswaded the Ladies to feign Sickness, and put off their Marriage till to Morrow Morning, to gain time; for the mean while I have 'em safe, Boys.

D. Lop. But will not the Sisters betray you to one another?

D. Job. No, I have wheedled each into a Jealousie of the other, and each believes that if the other knows it, She, in Honour will reveal it to the Father.

Jac. Sir, if you be so very weary of your life, Why don't you make use of a convenient Beam? 'tis the easier way; so you may dye without the filthy bother you keep about it!

D. Job. Away, Coward; 'tis a sign I am not weary of my life, that I make so much use on't.

Jac. Oh Jacomo! Thou art lost; 'Tis pity a Fellow of thy neat spruce parts should be destroy'd.

Enter Don Francisco.

D. Fran. Come, Gentlemen, will you not refresh yourselves with some cool Wines this Morning?

D. Lop.

D. Lop. We Thank you, Sir, we have already.

Enter a Servant.

Serv. Sir, here's a young Gentleman, a Stranger, desires to speak with you.

D. Fran. Admit him.

Enter Maria in Man's Habit.

Your humble Servant.

Mar. Sir, when I've told you what I come for, I doubt not but I shall deserve your Thanks. I come to do your service.

D. Fran. You have 'em, Sir, already.

Mar. You have lodg'd within your House some Ship-wreck'd Men, who are greater Villains than the Earth e're bore; I come to give you warning of 'em, and to beg your power to revenge such horrid Actions, as Heart could never yet conceive, or Tongue could utter. Ha! they are these—Revenge, Revenge cruel, unnatural Rapes and Murders. They are Devils in the shapes of Men.

D. Fran. What say you, Sir?

Jac. Now the snare is fail'n upon me; me-thinks I feel cool Steel already in my Body. Too well I know that Face.

D. Job. I know that Face. Now, Impudence, assist me. What mad young Men is that?

D. Fran. These, by their Habits and their Meens, are Gentlemen, and seem to be Men of Honour.

Mar. By these two, last night I was robb'd, and bound to a Tree, and there have been all night, and but this Morning was reliev'd by Peasants—I had a Lady with me, whom they said they would ravish, and this Morning I saw her dead; they must have murder'd her.

D. Fran. Heav'n! What do I hear?

Jac. Oh! I am noos'd already, I feel the knot, methinks, under my Left Ear.

D. Ant. The Youth raves; we never saw his Face, we never stirr'd from the bounds of this House since we came hither.

D. Lop. 'Sdeath, let me kill the Villain; Shall he thus affront Men of our Quality and Honour?

D. Fran. Consider I am a Magistrate.

D. Job. The Youth was robb'd, and with the fright has lost his Wits. Poor Fool! let him be bound in's Bed.

D. Fran. Do not persist in this, but have a care: These Injuries to Men of Honour shall not go unpunished.

Mar. Whither shall injur'd Innocence fly for succor, if you so soon can be corrupted? Monster, I'll revenge my self; have at thy Heart.

D. Fran. What means the Youth, put up your Sword.

D. Ant. We told you, Sir, he was mad.

Mar. Oh impudent Villains! I ask your pardon, Sir; My Grievances and

and Injuries transport me so, I scarce can utter them. That Villain is *Don John*, who basely murder'd the Governor of *Sevil* in his house, and then dishonoured his fair Sister.

D. Job. Death and Hell! this injury is beyond all sufferance.

D. Franc. Hold Sir, think in whose house you are.

Jac. O Lord! what will this come to? Ah *Jacomo!* thy line of life is short.

Mar. This is the Villain, who kill'd the Lover of *Antonio's* Sister, deflow'r'd her, and murder'd her Brother in his own house.

D. Job. I'll have no longer patience.

D. Ant. Such a Villain should have his throat cut, though in a Church.

D. Lop. No man of honour will protect those, who offer such injuries.

D. Job. Have at you, Villain.

D. Franc. Nay then; Within there: Ho! I will protect him, or perish with him.

Enter two Bridegrooms.

1. Brideg. What's the matter?

D. Job. This rashness will spoil my design upon the Daughters; if I had perfected that, I would have own'd all this for half a Duccatoon.

[*To Ant. Lop.*

ask your pardon for my ill manners; I was provok'd too far: indeed the accusations are so extravagant and odd, I rather should have laughed at 'em. Let the young Fool have a vein open'd, he's stark staring mad.

D. Ant. A foolish Impostor. We ne'r saw *Sevil* till last night.

Mar. Oh Impudence!

Jac. No, not we; we never were there till yesterday. Pray Sir, lay that young Fellow by the hells, for lying on us, men of Honour.

D. Franc. What is the matter, Friend, you tremble so?

D. Lop. 'Sdeath, the Dogs fear will betray us.

Jac. I tremble Sir? no, no, Sir: I tremble—— Though it would make any one tremble to hear one lie, as that young Gentleman does. Have you no conscience in you?

Mar. Heav'n can witness for me, I speak not false. *Otavio*, my dear *Otavio*, being dearest to me of all the world, I would in *Sevil* have revenged his murder but the Villain there escaped me: I followed him to Sea, and in the same Storm in which their Ship perish'd, I was thrown on shoar. Oh my *Otavio!* if this foul unnatural murther be not reveng'd, there is no Justice left among mankind. His Ghost, and all the rest whom he has barbarously murder'd, will interrupt your quiet, they'll haunt you in your sleep. Revenge, revenge!

2. Bride. This is wonderful.

D. Franc. There must be something in this; his passion cannot be counterfeited, nor your man's fear.

Jac. My fear? I scorn your words; I fear nothing under the Sun. I fear? Ha, ha, ha.—

D. Job.

D. Job. Will you believe this one false Villain against three, who are Gentlemen, and men of honour?

Jac. Nay, against four, who are Gentlemen, and men of honour.

Mar. O Villain, that I had my Sword imbru'd in thy hearts bloud. Oh my dear *Ottavio!* Do Justice, Sir, or Heaven will punish you.

Enter Clara.

D. Franc. Gentlemen, he is too earnest, in his grief and anger, to be what you wou'd have him, an Impostor. My house has been your Sanctuary, and I am obliged in honour not to act as a Magistrate, but your Host, no violence shall here be offer'd to you; but you must instantly leave this house, and if you would have safety, find it somewhere else. Be gone.

D. Job. This is very well.

Mar. Oh! will you let 'em go unpunish'd? Whither shall I flee for vengeance?

D. Franc. Pray leave this place immediately.

Jac. Ah, good Sir, Ist's be gone — Sir, your most humble Servant.

Clar. Oh, Sir, consider what you do; do not banish *Don Job* from hence.

1. Bride. Ha! what means she?

D. Fran. What say you?

Clar. Oh, Sir, he is my Husband, we were last night contracted.

D. Fran. Oh! what do I hear?

1. Bride. I am dishonoured, abus'd. Villain, thou diest.

D. Job. Villain, you lie; I will cut your throat first.

D. Fran. Hey, where are my people here.

Enter Servants and Flavia.

Flav. Oh, Sir; hold; if you banish *Don Job*, I am lost for ever.

D. Fran. Oh Devil! what do I hear?

Flav. He is my Husband, Sir, we were last night contracted.

Clar. Your Husband! Heaven! what's this?

2. Brideg. Hell and Damnation!

D. Fran. Oh! I have lost my senses.

Mar. Oh Monster! now am I to be believ'd?

Jac. Oh spare my life! I am innocent as I hope to live and breath.

D. Job. Dog, you shall fight for your life, if you have it.

D. Franc. First, I'll revenge my self on these.

D. Job. Hold, hold, they are both my Wives, and I will have them.

[*Runs at his Daughters, they run out.*]

D. Franc. Oh Devil! fall on —

Mar. Fall on, I will afflit you.

[*They fight. Maria and Don Francisco are killed
the two Bridegrooms are hurt, Jacomo, runs away.*]

D. Job. Now we've done their business.

Ah, cowardly Rogue! are not you a Son of a Whore?

Jac.

Jac. Ay, Sir, what you please : A man had better be a living Son of a Whore, than a dead *Hero*, by your favour.

D. Job. I could find in my heart to kill the Rascal ; his fear, some time or other, will undo us.

Jac. Hold, Sir, I went, Sir, to provide for your escape. Let's take Horses out of the Stable, and fly; abundance of Company are coming, expecting the Weding, and we are irreparably lost if we take not this time, I think my fear, will now preserve you.

D. Ant. I think he councels well. Let's fly to a new place of pleasure.

D. Job. But I shall leave my busyness undone with the two Women.

D. Lop. 'Tis now scarce feazable. Let's fly; you'll light on others as handsom, where we come next.

D. Job. Well, dispose of me as you please, and yet it troubles me.

Jac. Haste, haste, or we shall be apprehended.

[Exit.

Enter Clara and Flavia.

Flav. O that I ever liv'd to see this day !
This fatal day ! 'Twas our vile disobedience
Caus'd our poor Fathers death, which Heaven
Will revenge on us. So lewd a Villain
As *Don John* was never heard of yet.

Clar. That we should be so credulous ! Oh dreadful
Accident Dear Father, what Expiation can
We make ? our crimes too foul for
Tears to wash away, and all our lives will
Be too short, to spend in penitence for this
Our levity and disobedience. He was the
Best of Fathers, and of Men.

Flav. What will become of us, poor miserable Maids,
Lost in our Fortunes and our Reputations ?
Our intended Husbands, if they recover of their
Wounds, will murder us; and 'tis but Justice :
Our lives too now cannot be worth the keeping.
Those Devils in the shapes of men are fled.

Clar. Let us not waste our time in fruitless grief ;
Let us employ some to pursue the murderers.
And for our selves, let's to the next Monastery,
And there spend all our weary life in penitence.

Flav. Let's fly to our last Sanctuary in this world,
And try, by a Religious life, to expiate this Crime :
There is no safety, or no hope but there.
Let's go, and bid along farewell to all the
World ; a thing too vain, and little worth our care.

Clar. Agreed ; farewell to all the vanity on Earth,
Where wretched Mortals, tos'd 'twixt hope and fear,
Must of all fix'd and solid joy despair.

[Exit.
The

The S C E N E is a delightful Grove.

Enter two Shepherds and two Nymphs.

1. *Shep.* Come Nymphs and Shepherds, hiest away
To the happy Sports within these shady Groves,
In pleasant lives time slides away apace.
But with the wretched seems to creep too slow.

1. *Nymph.* Our happy leisure we employ in joys,
As innocent as they are pleasant. We,
Strangers to strife, and to tumultuous noise,
To baneful envy, and to wretched cares,
In rural pleasures spend our happy days,
And our soft nights in calm and quiet sleeps.

2. *Shep.* No rude Ambition interrupts our rest,
Nor base and guilty thoughts how to be great.

2. *Nymph.* In humble Cottages we have such contents,
As uncorrupted Nature does afford,
Which the great, that surfeit under gilded Roofs,
And wanton in Down Beds, can never know.

1. *Shep.* Nature is here not yet debauch'd by Art,
'Tis as it was in *Saturn's* happy days:
Minds are not here by Luxury invaded;
A homely Plenty, with sharpe Appetite,
Does lightsome health, and vigorous strength impart.

1. *Nymph.* A chaste cold Spring does here refresh our thirst,
Which by no feaverish surfeit is increas'd;
Our food is such as Nature meant for Men,
Ere with the Vicious, Eating was an Art.

2. *Nymph.* In noisie Cities riot is pursu'd,
And lewd luxurios living softens men,
Effeminate Fools in Body and in Mind,
Weaken their Appetites, and decays their Nerves.

2. *Shep.* With filthy steams from their excess of Meat,
And cloudy vapors rais'd from dangerous Wine;
Their heads are never clear or free to think,
They waste their lives in a continual mist.

1. *Shep.* Some subtil and ill men chuse Temperance,
Not as a Virtue, but a Bawd to Vice,
And vigilantly wait to ruine thosé,
Whom Luxury and Ease have lull'd asleep.

2. *Shep.* Yes, in the clamorous Courts of tedious Law,
Where what is meant for a relief's a grievance;
Or in Kings Palaces, where Cunning strives,
Not to advance King's Interests, but its own.

1. *Nymph.* There they in a continual hurry live,
And seldom can, for all their subtle Arts,

Lay their foundations sure; but some
Are undermin'd, others blown down by storms.

2. *Nymph.* Their subtlety is but a common Road
Of flattering great men, and oppressing little,
Smiling on all they meet, and loving none.

1. *Shep.* In populous Cities, life is all a storm;
But we enjoy a sweet perpetual calm:
Here our own Flocks we keep, and here
I and my Phillis can embrace unenvi'd.

2. *Shep.* And I and Celia without jealousie,
But hark, the Pipes begin; now for our sports.

[*A Symphony of Rustick Musick*]

Nympbs and Shepherds come away,
In these Groves let's sport and play;
Where each day is a Holy-day,
Sacred to Ease and happy Love.
To Dancing, Musick, Poetry:
Your Flocks may now securely rove.
Whil'st you express your jollity.

Enter Shepherds and Shepherdesses, singing in Chorus.

We come, we come, no joy like this.

Now let us sing, rejoice, and kiss.

The Great can never know such bliss.

1. *As this.*

2. *As this.*

3. *As this.*

All. *As this.*

The Great can never know such bliss.

1. *All th' Inhabitants o'th' Wood,*

Now celebrate the Spring,

That gives fresh vigour to the blond

Of every living thing.

Chor. *The Birds have been singing and billing before us,*
And all the sweet Choristers joyn in the Chorus.

2. *The Nightingales with juggling throats,*

Warble out their pretty Notes,

So sweet, so sweet, so sweet:

And thus our Loves and Pleasures greet.

Chor. *Then let our Pipes sound, let us dance, let us sing,*
Till the murmuring Groves with loud Ecobo's shall ring.

[*Dance begins.*]

3. How happy are we,
From all jealousie free ;
No dangers or cares can annoy us :
We toy and we kis,
And Love's our chief bliss ;
A-pleasure that never can clay us.

Chor. Our days we consume in unenvied delights,
And in love and soft rest our happy long nights.

4. Each Nymph does impart
Her love without Art,
To her Swain, who thinks that his chief Treasure.
No envy is fear'd,
No sighs are e're heard,
But those which are caus'd by our pleasure.

Chor. When we feel the blest'd Raptures of innocent Love,
No joys exceed ours but the pleasures above.

General. { In these delightful fragrant Groves,
Let's celebrate our happy Loves.
Chorus. { Let's pipe, and dance, and laugh, and sing ;
Thus every happy living thing,
(Revels in the cheerful Spring.

[Dance continues.

Enter Don John, Don Lopez, Don Antonio, Jacomo.

D. Job. So, thus far we are safe, we have almost kill'd our Horses
with riding cross out of all Roads.

Jac. Nay, you have had as little mercy on them, as if they had been
Men or Women : But yet we are not safe, let us fly farther.

D. Job. The house I lighted at was mine during my life, which I
sold to that fellow ; he, since he holds by that tenure, will carefully
conceal us.

Jac. 'Tis a Tenure I will not give him two moneths purchase for.

D. Job. Besides, our Swords are us'd to conquest.

D. Ant. At worst, there is a Church hard by ; we'll put it to its pro-
per use, take refuge in't.

D. Lop. Look here, here are Shepherds, and young pretty Wenchs ;
shall we be idle, Don ?

D. Ant. By no means ; 'tis a long time, methinks, since we were viciou.

D. Job. We'll serve 'em as the Romans did the Sabines, we'll rob
'em of their Women ; onely we'll return the Punks again, when we have
us'd them.

Jac. For Heavens sake hold.

D. Job. Sirrah, no more ; do as we do, ravish, Rascal, or by my
Sword, I'll cut thee into so many pieces, it shall pose an Arithmetician
to sum up the fractions of thy body.

Jac. I ravish! Oh, good Sir! my Courage lies not that way; alas, I, I am almost famish'd, I have not eat to day.

D. Job. Sirra, by Heaven do as I bid thee, or thou shalt never eat again. Shall I keep a Rascal for a Cypher?

Jac. Oh! What will become of me? I must do it.

D. Job. Come on, Rogue, fall on.

D. Ant. Which are you for?

D. Job. 'Tis all one, I am not in Love but in Lust, and to such a one, a Belly full's a Belly full, and there's an end on't.

1. Shepheardes. What means this violence?

2. Shepheardes. Oh! Heav'n protect us.

Jac. Well, I must have one too; if I be hang'd, I had as good be hang'd for something. *Every one runs off with a Woman.*

D. Lop. Rogues, come not on; we'll be in your Guts.

All Shepheardes. Help, help. *They cry out.*

1. Shep. What Devils are these? *Exeunt.*

Three or four Shepheardes return with Jacomo.

1. Shep. Here's one Rogue. Have we caught you, Sir? We'll cool your courage.

Jac. Am I taken prisoner? I shall be kept as an Honourable Ho-
stage at least.

2. Shep. Where are these Villains, these Ravishers?

Jac. Why you need not keep such a stir, Gentlemen, you will have all your Women again, and no harm done. Let me go, I'll fetch 'em to you.

1. Shep. No, you libidinous Swine; we'll revenge the Rapes on you.

Jac. Good kind civil people pass this by: 'Tis true, my Master's a very Tarquin; but I never attempted to ravish before.

2. Shep. I'll secure you from ever doing of it again. Where's your Knife?

Jac. Heav'n! What do you mean? Oh spare me! I am unprepar'd; let me be confess.

1. Shep. We will not kill you, we'll but Geld you: Are you so hot, Sir?

Jac. Oh bloudy Villains! have a care, 'tis not a season for that, the Sign's in Scorpio.

2. Shep. Down with him.

Jac. O Help Help! Murder! Murder! Have a care what you do, I am the last of all my Race. Will you destroy a whole Stock, and take away my Representers of my Family?

1. Shep. There shall be no more of the breed of you.

Jac. I am of an antient Family; Will you cut off all hopes of a Son and Heir? Help! Help! Master, Don John? Oh! Oh! Oh!

Enter Don John, Don Lopez, Don Antonio.

D. Job. How now, Rogues? Do you abuse my Man?

Jac. O Sir, this is the first good thing you ever did: If you had

had not come just in the Nick, I had lost my Manhood.

D. Ant. 'Tis no matter for the use you make on't.

D. Lop. But come, let's now to Supper.

Jac. Come on, I am almost starv'd.

[Exeunt.

Shepherds return.

1 Shep. Let's not complain, but dog the Rogues, and when we have Hous'd 'em, we will to the next Magistrate, and beg his pow'r to apprehend 'em.

[Exeunt.

The S C E N E changes to a C H U R C H, with the Statue of *Don Pedro* on Horseback in it.

D. Job. Let's in and see this Church.

Jac. Is this a time to see Churches? But let me see whose Statue's this? Oh Heav'n! this is *Don Pedro's*, whom you murder'd at Sevil.

D. Job. Say you so, Read the Inscription.

Jac. Here lies *Don Pedro*, Governor of Sevil, barbarously Murder'd by that Impious Villain *Don John*, 'gainst whom his innocent Blood cries still for Vengeance.

D. Job. Let it cry on. Art thou there i' faith? Yes, I kill'd thee, and wou'd do't again upon the same occasion. *Jacomo*—Invite him to Supper.

Jac. What, a Statue! Invite a Statue to Supper? Ha, Ha—can Marble eat?

D. Job. I say, Rascal, tell him I would have him Sup with me.

Jac. Ha, ha, ha! Who the Devil put this Whimsey into your Head? Ha, ha, ha! Invite a Statue to Supper?

D. Job. I shall spoil your Mirth, Sirra; I will have it done.

Jac. Why, 'tis impossible; Wou'd you have me such a Coxcomb, invite Marble to eat? Ha, ha, ha.

[He goes several times towards the Statue and returns. Laughing. Good Mr. Statue, if it shall please your Worship, my Master desires you to make Collation with him presently—

[The Statue nods his Head, *Jacomo* falls down and roars.

Oh I am dead! Oh, Oh, Oh

D. Job. The Statue nods its Head; 'tis odd—

D. Ant. 'Tis wonderful.

D. Lop. I am amaz'd.

Jac. Oh I cannot stir! Help, help.

D. Job. Well, Governor, come, take part of a Collation with me, 'tis by this time ready; make haste, 'tis I invite you. [Statue nods again. Say you so? come on, let's set all things in order quickly.

Jac. Oh fly, fly.

D. Ant. This is prodigious.

[Exeunt *Don John*, *Don Lopez*, *Don Antonio*, *Jacomo*.

The S C E N E is a Dining-Room, a Table spread,
Servants setting on Meat and Wine.

D. Job. Come, our Meat is ready, let's Sit. Pox on this foolish Sta-
tue, it puzzles me to know the reason on't. Sirra, I'le give you leave
to Sit.

D. Ant. Let's eat, ne'r think on't.

Jac. Ay, come, let's eat; I am too hungry now to think on the
fright. — [*Jacomo eats greedily.*]

D. Job. This is excellent Meat. How the Rogue eats. You'll choak
your self.

Jac. I warrant you, look to your self.

D. Ant. Why, *Jacomo*, is the Devil in you?

Jac. No, no; if he be, 'tis a hungry Devil.

D. Lop. Will you not Drink?

Jac. I'le lay a good foundation first.

D. Job. The Rascal eats like a *Canibal*.

Jac. Ay, 'tis no matter for that.

D. Job. Some Wine, Sirra.

Jac. There, Sir, take it; I am in haste.

D. Ant. Sdeath, the Fool will be strangl'd.

Jac. The Fool knows what he does.

D. Job. Here's to *Don Pedro's Ghost*, he should have been welcome.

Jac. O name him not.

D. Lop. The Rascal is afraid of you after death.

Jac. Oh! Oh! Some Wine, give me some Wine. [*Almost ciosk'd.*]

D. Ant. Take it.

Jac. So, now 'tis down.

D. Ant. Are you not satisf'd yet?

Jac. Peace, peace; I have but just begun. [*One knocks bard at the door.*]
Who's there? come in, I am very busie.

D. Job. Rise, and do your Duty.

Jac. But one Morsel more, I come. [*Knocks again.*]
What a pox, Are you mad? [*Opens the door.*]

Enter *Ghoſt*.

Oh! the Devil, the Devil.

D. Job. Hah! It is the Ghost, let's rise and receive him.

D. Ant. I am amaz'd.

D. Lop. Not frightened are you?

D. Ant. I scorn the thoughts of fear. [*They salute the Ghost.*]

D. Job. Come, Governor, you are welcome, sit there; if we had
thought you would have come, we wou'd have staid for you. But come
on, Sirra, give me some Wine. [*The Ghost Sits.*]

Jac. Oh! I am dead; What shall I do? I dare not come near you.

D. Job. Come, Rascal, or I'll cut your Throat.

[*Fills Wine, his hand trembles.*

Jac. I come, I come, I come. Oh! Oh!

D. Job. Why do you tremble, Rascal? Hold it steadily—

Jac. Oh! I cannot.

[*Jacomo snatches Meat from the Table, and runs aside.*

D. Job. Here, Gouvernour, your Health. Friends, put it about. Here's excellent Meat; Taste of this Ragout. If you had had a Body of Flesh, I would have given you *the entire*—but the Women care not for Marble. Come, I'll help you. Come, eat, and let old Quarrels be forgotten.

Ghoſt. I come not here to take Repast with you; Heaven has permitted me to animate This Marble Body, and I come to warn You of that Vengeance is in store for you, If you amend not your pernicious Lives.

Jac. Oh Heav'n!

D. Ant. What, are you come to Preach to us?

D. Lop. Keep your Harangues for Fools that will believe 'em.

D. Job. We are too much confirm'd. Pox o' this dry Discourse, give me some Wine. Come, here's to your Mistris; you had one when you were living: not forgetting your sweet Sister. Sirra, more Wine.

Jac. Ay, Sir—Good Sir, do not provoke the Ghoſt; his Marble Fists may fly about your Ears, and knock your Brains out.

Don Job. Peace, Fool.

Ghoſt. Tremble, you impious Wretches, and repent; Behold, the Pow'rs of Hell wait for you. — [Devils rise.

Jac. Oh! I will steal from hence. Oh the Devil!

D. Job. Sirra, stir not; by Heav'n I'll use thee worse than Devils can do. Come near, Coward.

Jac. O! I dare not stir; What will become of me?

D. Job. Come, Sirra, eat.

Jac. O, Sir, my Appetite is satisfied.

D. Job. Drink, Dog, the Ghoſt's Health: Rogue, do't, or I'll run my Sword down your Throat.

Jac. Oh! Oh! Here, Mr. Statue, your Health.

D. Job. Now Rascal, sing to Entertain him.

Jac. Sing, quoth he! Oh! I have lost my voice; I cannot be merry in such company. Sing—

D. Ant. Who are these with ugly Shapes?

D. Lop. Their manner of appearing is something strange.

Ghoſt. They're Devils, that wait for such hard impious Men. They're Heaven's Instruments of Eternal Vengeance.

D. Job. Are they some of your Retinue? Devils, say you? I am sorry I have no Burnt Brandy to Treat 'em with, that's Drink fit for Devils—Hah! they vanish.

Ghoſt. Cannot the fear of Hell's Eternal Tortures,

[*They sink.*

Change

Change the horrid course of your abandon'd lives?
Think on those Fires, those everlasting Fires,
That shall without consuming burn you ever.

D. Job. Dreams, Dreams, too flight to lose my pleasure for.
In spight of all you say, I will go on,
Till I have surfeited on all delights.

Youth is a Fruit that can but once be gather'd,
And I'll enjoy it to the full.

D. Ant. Let's push it on; Nature chalks out the way that we should follow.

D. Lop. 'Tis her fault, if we do that we should not. Let's on, here's a Brimmer to our Leaders health.

Jac. What hellish Fiends are these?

D. Job. Let me tell you, 'tis something ill bred to rail at your Host, that treats you civilly. You have not yet forgot your quarrel to me.

Ghost. 'Tis for your good; by me Heaven warns you of its wrath, and gives you a longer time for your repentance. I invite you this night to a repast of mine.

D. Job. Where?

Ghost. At my Tomb.

D. Ant. What time?

Ghost. At dead of night.

D. Job. We'll come.

Ghost. Fail not.

D. Lop. I warrant you.

Ghost. Farewel, and think upon your lost condition:

D. Job. Farewel, Gevernor, I'll see what Treat you'll give us.

D. Ant. And I.

D. Lop.

Jac. That will not I. Pox on him, I have had enough of his company, I shall not recover it this week. If I eat with such an Host, I'll be hang'd.

D. Job. If you do not, by Heaven you shall be hang'd.

Jac. Whither will your lewdnes carry me? I do not care for having a Ghost for my Landlord. Will not these Miracles do good upon you.

D. Job. There's nothing happens but by Natural Causes,

Which in unusual things Fools cannot find,

And then they style 'em Miracles. But no Accident

Can alter me from what I am by Nature.

Were there

Legions of Ghosts and Devils in my way,

One moment in my course of pleasure I'd not stay.

[Exeunt omnes.

ACT

A c t V.

Enter Jacomo, with Back, Breast, and Head-piece

Jac. **V**Ell, this damn'd Master of mine will not part with me; and we must fight five or six times aday, one day with another, that's certain: Therefore thou art wise, honest *Jacomo*, to arm thy self, I take it. Sa, sa, sa —— Methinks I am very valiant on the sudain. Sa, sa, sa. Hah! there I have you. Paph —— Have at you. Hah —— there I have you through: That was a fine thrust in tierce. Hah —— Death what noise is that?

Enter Don John.

D. Job. How now Sirrah, what are you doing?

Jac. Nothing, but practising to run people through the bodies, that's all; for I know some body's throat must be cut before midnight.

D. Job. In Armour too! why, that cannot help you, you are such a cowardly Fool; fear will betray you faster within, than that can defend you without.

Jac. I fear no body breathing, I; nothing can terrifie me but the De-
vilish Ghost. Ha! who's that coming? Oh Heaven!

[Leaps back.]

D. Job. Is this your courage? you are preparing for flight before an
Enemy appears.

Jac. No, no, Sir, not I; I onely leapt back to put my self upon my
guard —— Fa, la, la.

Enter Don Lopez and Don Antonio:

D. Job. Whom have we hear?

Jac. Oh where! where! who are they?

D. Job. Oh my Friends! where have you been?

D. Ant. We went to view the stately Nunnery hard by, and have
been chatting with the poor sanctif'd Fools, till it's dark; we have been
chaffering for Nuns-flesh.

D. Lop. There I made such a discovery, if you do not assist me, I am
ruin'd for ever. *Don Bernardo's Sister*, whom I fell in love with in *Se-
vil*, is this day plac'd there for probation; and if you cannot advise me
to some way or other of getting her out, for some present occasion I
have for her; I am a lost man, that's certain.

D. Ant. The busines is difficult, and we resolve to manage in it Coun-
cil.

Jac. Now will they bring me into some wicked occasion or other of
shewing my prowes: a pox on 'em.

D. Job. Have you so long followed my fortunes: to boggle at diffi-
culty upon so honourable an occasion; besides, here is no difficulty.

D. Lop.

D. *Lop.* No? the Walls are so high, and the Nunnery so strongly fortifi'd, 'twill be impossible to do it by force; we must find some stratagem.

D. *Job.* The stratagem is soon found out.—

D. *Ant.* As how, *Don John?*

D. *Job.* Why, I will set fire on the Nunnery; fire the Hive, and the Drones must out, or be burnt within: then may you, with ease, under pretence of succor, take whom you will.

D. *Lop.* 'Tis a gallant design.

D. *Ant.* I long to be about it. Well, *Dom*, thou art the bravest Fellow breathing.

Jac. Gentlemen, pray what became of that brave Fellow, that fir'd the Temple at *Ephesus*? was he not hanged, Gentlemen, hum—

D. *Ant.* We are his Rivals, Fool; and who would not suffer for so brave an Action?

D. *Job.* He's a Scoundrel and a Poultron, that would not have his Death for his Fame.

D. *Lop.* That he is, a damn'd Son of a Whore, and not fit to drink with.

Jac. 'Tis a rare thing to be a Martyr for the Devil; But what good will infamy do you, when you are dead? when Honour is nothing but a vapour to you, while you are living. For my part I'd not be hang'd to be *Alexander the Great*.

D. *Ant.* What a phlegmatick dull Rascal is that, who has no Ambition in him.

Jac. Ambition! what, to be hang'd? besides, what's the intrinsick value of honour when a man is under ground? Let 'em but call me honest *Jacomo*, as I am, while I live, and let 'em call me, when I am dead, *Don John* if they will.

D. *Job.* Villain, dare you prophane my name?

Jac. Hold, Sir, think what you do; you cannot hurt me, my Arms are Pistol proof.

Enter a Servant.

Serv. I come to give you notice of an approaching danger: You must fly, an Officer with some Shepherds have found you were at our house, and are come to apprehend you, for some outrage you have committed; I came to give you notice, knowing our Family has a great respect for you.

D. *Job.* Yes, I know your Family has a great respect for me, for I have lain with every one in it, but Thee and thy Master.

Jac. Why look you now, I thought what 'twoud come to: Fly, Sir, fly; the darkness of the night will help us. Come He lead the way.

D. *Job.* Stay Sirrah, you shall have one occasion more of shewing your valour.

D. *Ant.* Did ever any Knight Errant fly, that was so well appointed?

D. *Lop.* No; you shall stay, and get Honour, *Jacomo*.

Jac. Pox of Honour, I am content with the stock I have already.

D. Job. You are easily satisfied. But now let's fire the Nunnery.

D. Ant. Come on.

D. Lop. I long to be at it.

Jac. O *Jacomo!* Thy Life is not worth a piece of Eight. 'Tis in vain to dissuade 'em, Sir; I will never trouble you with another Request, if you'll be graciously pleas'd to leave me out of this adventure.

D. Job. Well, you have your desire.

Jac. A thousand Thanks, and when I see you again, I will be humbly content with a Halter.

D. Job. But, do you hear, Fool? Stand Sentinel here; and if any thing happens extraordinary, give us notice of it.

Jac. O, good Sir! What do you mean? That's as bad as going with you.

D. Job. Let me find you here when I come again, or you are a dead Man.

[*Exeunt* *Don John, Don Lopez, Don Antonio.*

Jac. I am sure I am a dead Man, if you find me here: But would my Armour were off now, that I might run the lighter. Night assist me, Heaven! What noise is that? to be left alone in the dark, and fear Ghosts and Devils, is very horrible. But Oh! Who are these.

Enter Officer, Guards, and Shepherds.

1. Shep. We are thus far right, the Ravishers went this way.

2. Shep. For Heaven's sake take 'em dead or alive; such desperate Villains ne'er were seen.

Jac. So; if I be catch'd I shall be hang'd; if not, I shall be kill'd. 'Tis very fine, these are the Shepherds. I'll hide my self.

[*He stands up close against the Wall.*

1. Shep. If we catch the Rogues we'll broil 'em alive; no death can be painful enough for such Wretches.

Jac. O bloody-minded Men.

2. Shep. O impious vile Wretches! That we had you in our clutches! Open your dark Lanthorn, and let's search for 'em.

Jac. What will become of me, my Armour will not do now.

1. Shep. Thus far we hunted them upon a good scent: But now we are at a fault.

Jac. Let me see; I have one trick left, I have a disguise will fright the Devil.

2. Shep. They must be hereabouts.

Jac. I'll be amongst them, and certainly this will fright 'em.

1. Shep. Oh Heaven! What horrid Object's this?

Jac. The Devil.

2. Shep. Oh fly, fly! The Devil, the Devil! Fly.

[*Exeunt Shepherds frightened.*

Jac. Farewell, good Gentlemen. This is the first time my Face e're did me good. But I'll not stay. I take it; Yet whether shall I fly? Oh! What noise is that? I am in the dark, in a strange place too; What

will follow? There lie. Oh! my Arms. Hah! Who's there? Let me go this way— Oh the Ghost! the Ghost! Gad forgiye me, 'twas nothing but my fear [*A noise within, Fire, Fire, the Nunnery's onfire.* Oh vile wretches! they have done the deed. There is no flying, now the place will be full of People, and wicked Lights that will discover me, if I fly.

Within. Fire, Fire, Fire; the Nunnery's on fire; Help, help—

[*Several People cross the Stage, crying fire.*

Jac. What shall I do? there's no way but one, I'll go with the croud. *Fire! Fire— Murder! Help! Help! Fire! Fire—*

[*More people cross the Stage, he runs with them.*

Enter Don John, Don Antonio, Don Lopez, Four Nuns.

D. Job. Fear not, Ladies, we'll protect you.

1. Nun. Our Sex and Habits will protect us.

D. Lop. Not enough, we will protect you better.

1. Nun. Pray leave us, we must not consort with Men.

D. Ant. What would you run into the fire to avoid Mankind? you are zealous Ladies indeed.

D. Job. Come, Ladies, walk with us; we'll put you in a place of safety.

1. Nun. We'll go no further, we are safe enough; be gone, and help to quench the fire.

D. Job. We have another fire to quench; come along with us.

D. Lop. Ay, come, you must go.

D. Ant. Come along, we know what's good for you; you must go with us.

1. Nun. Heav'n! What violence is this? What impious Men are these? Help! Help! [*All cry Help.*

Enter Flavia and Clara Probationers.

Flav. Here are the bloody Villains, the causes of our misery.

Clar. Inhumane Butchers! now we'll have your Lives.

D. Job. Hah! here are a brace of my Wives. If you have a mind to this Fool, take her betwixt you; for my part, I'le have my own. Come, Wives, along with me; we must consummate, my Spouses, we must consummate.

Clar. What Monsters are these?

All Nuns. Help! help!

D. Ant. Sdeath! these foolish Women are their own Enemies.

D. Lop. Here are so many people, if they cry out more, they'll interrupt us in our brave design.

D. Job. I warrant you; when they cry out, let us out-noise 'em. Come, Women, you must go along with us.

1. Nun. Heaven! What shall we do? Help! help!

D. Job. Help! help! Fire! Fire! Fire!

12. Lop

D. Lop. Help! help!

D. Ant. Help!

[They hate the Women by the bands, who still cry out, and they with them

Enter several people, crying out Fire, Jacomo in the rear.

Jac. Fire! fire! fire! Help! Help!

'Sdeath! here's my Master.

D. Job. Sirra, come along with me, I have use of you.

Jac. I am caught.

D. Job. Here, Sirra, take one of my Wives, and force her after me; Do you refuse, Villain?

Enter Shepherds, with Officer and Guards.

Nuns. Help! help! good people help! Rescue us from these Villains,

1 Shep. Who are you, committing violence on Women?

2 Shep. Heavens! they are the Villains we seek for.

Jac. Where is my Armour now? Oh my Armour.

Officer. Fall on.

[They fight, Women fly, Jacomo falls down as kill'd; Two Shepherds and the Officer are kill'd.

D. Job. Say you so, Rogues?

D. Lop. So, the Field's our own.

D. Job. But a pox on't, we have bought a Victory too dear, we have lost the Women.

D. Ant. We'll find 'em again. But poor Jacomo's kill'd.

Jac. That's a Lye.

[Aside.]

D. Lop. Faith, let's carry off our Dead.

D. Job. Agreed; we'll bury him in the Church, while the Ghost Treats us, we'll Treat the Worms with the Body of a Rascal.

Jac. Not yet a while.

[Aside.]

D. Lop. Come, let's take away the Fool.

Jac. No, the Fool can take up himself. 'Sdeath! you resolve not to let me alone dead or alive——

Here are more Murders, Oh!

D. Lop. Oh counterfeiting Rascal! Are you alive?

[The Clock strikes Twelve.]

D. Ant. The Clock strikes Twelve.

D. Job. 'Slife, our time's come, we must to the Tomb: I would not break my word with the Ghost for a thousand Doubloons——

Jac. Nor I keep it for ten times the Money.

D. Job. But you shall keep your word, Sir.

Jac. Sir, I am resolv'd to Fast to night, 'tis a Vigil: Besides, I care not for eating in such base company.

Within. Follow, follow, follow——

D. Lop. D'hear that noise? The remaining Rogues have rais'd the Mobile, and are coming upon us.

Jac.

Jac. Oh ! let's flie — flie — What will become of me ?

D. Ant. Let's to the Church, and give the Rogues the Go-by.

D. Job. Come on, since 'tis my time, and I have promis'd the Gover-
nour, I'll go — You had best stay, Sirra, and be taken.

Jac. No : Now I must go to the Church whither I will or no.
Away, away, flie !

Enter Two Shepherds with a great Rabble.

Here they went ; follow, follow —

[Exeunt omnes.

The S C E N E the Church, the Statue of *Don Pedro* on Horseback ; on each side of the Church, *Don John's Ghost*, *Maria's*, *Don Francisco's*, *Leonora's*, *Flora's*, *Maria's Brothers*, and others, with Torches in their hands.

Enter *Don John*, *Don Antonio*, *Don Lopez*, *Jacomo*.

Jac. Good Sir, let's go no farther ; look what horrid Attendants are here. This wicked Ghost has no good meaning in him.

D. Job. He resolves to Treat us in State ; I think he has robb'd all the Graves hereabouts of their Dead, to wait upon us.

D. Ant. I see no Entertainment prepar'd.

D. Lop. He has had the manners to light off his Horse, and entertain us.

D. Job. He would not sure be so ill bred, to make us wait on him on foot.

Jac. Pox on his Breeding, I shall dye with fear ; I had as good have been taken and hang'd. What horror seizes me !

D. Job. Well, Governor, you see we are as good as our words.

D. Ant. Where's your Collation ?

D. Lop. Bid some of your Attendants give us some Wine.

[*Ghost descends.*

Stat. Have you not yet thought on your lost condition ?

Here are the Ghosts of some whom you have Murder'd,

That cry for Vengeance on you —

Father's Ghost. Repent, repent of all your horrid crimes :
Monsters, Repent, or Hell will swallow you.

D. Job. That's my old Man's voice. D'y hear Old Gentleman, you talk idly.

Jac. I do repent, O spare me. I do repent of all my sins, but especially of following this wicked Wretch.

[*Kneels.*

D. Ant. Away, Fool.

[*Ant. Kicks him.*

D. Fran. *Ghost.* My Blood cries out upon thee, barbarous Wretch.

D. John. That's my Host *Francisco*, 'faith thou wert a good honest Blockhead, that's the truth on't —

Flora's Ghost. Thou shalt not escape Vengeance for all thy crimes.

D. Job. What Fool's that, I am not acquainted with her.

Leon.

Leon. Ghost. In time lay hold on Mercy, and repent.

D. Job. That was *Leonora*, a good natur'd silly Wench, something too loving, that was all her fault.

Mar. Villain, this is the last moment of thy life,
And thou in Flames Eternally shalt howl.

D. Job. Thou ly'lt, this is the young hot-headed Fool we kill'd at *Francisco's*. Pox on him, he disappointed me in my design upon the Daughters. Would thou wert alive again, that I might kill thee once more.

D. Lop. No more of this old foolish stuff; give us some Wine to begin with.

D. Ant. Ay, Give us some Wine, Governor.

D. Job. What, do you think to Treat us thus? I offer'd you a better Entertainment. Prethee trouble us no more, but bid some of your Attendants give us some Wine; I'll drink to you and all the good company.

Stat. Give 'em the Liquor they have most delighted in.

[*Two of the Ghosts go out, and bring four Glasses full of Blood, then give 'em to D. Job. D. Ant. D. Lop.*]

D. Lop. This is something.

D. Job. This is civil.

D. Lop. I hope a good Desert will follow.

[*Ghost offers a Glass to Jacomo, who runs round Don John, D. Ant. D. Lop. roaring.*]

Jac. Are you stark distract'd? Will you drink of that Liquor? Oh Oh! What d'you mean? Good sweet Ghost forbear your civility; Oh, I am not dr, I thank you —

D. Job. Give it me. Here, take it, Sirra.

Jac. By no means, Sir, I never Drink between Meals. Oh Sir —

D. Job. Take it, Rascal.

Jac. Oh Heav'ns!

D. Job. Now, Governor, your Health; 'tis the reddest Drink I ever saw.

D. Lop. Hah! pah! 'tis Bloud.

D. Ant. Pah! it is —

Jac. Oh! I'le have none of it.

[*They throw the Glasses down.*]

D. Job. 'Sdeath do you mean to affront us?

Stat. 'Tis fit for such Bloud-thirsty Wretches.

D. Job. Do you upbraid me with my killing of you; I did it, and would do it again: I'de fight with all your Family one by one; and cut off root and branch to enjoy your Sister. But will you Treat us yet no otherwife?

Stat. Yes, I will, ye impious Wretches.

[*A Flourish.*]

D. Lop. What's here? Musick to Treat us with?

D. Ant. There is some pleasure in this.

Song of Devils.

1. Dev. **P** Repare, prepare, new Guests draw near,
And on the brink of Hell appear.

2. Dev. Kindle fresh Flames of Sulphur there.
Assemble all ye Fiends,
Wait for the dreadful ends
Of impious Men, who far excell
All th' Inhabitants of Hell.

Chor. of Devils. — Let 'em come, Let 'em come,
To an Eternal dreadful Doom,
Let 'em come, Let 'em come.

3. Dev. In Mischief they have all the Damn'd out-done ;
Here they shall weep, and shall unpity'd groan,
Here they shall howl, and make Eternal moan.

1. Dev. By Blood and Lust they have deserv'd so well,
That they shall feel the hottest flames of Hell.

2. Dev. In vain they shall here their past mischiefs bewail,
In exquisite Torments that never shall fail.

3. Dev. Eternal Darkness they shall find,
And them Eternal chains shall bind.
To infinite pain of Sense and Mind.

Chor. — Let 'em come, Let 'em come,
To an Eternal dreadful doom
Let 'em come, Let 'em come.

Stat. Will you not relent and feel remorse ?

D. Job. Cou'dst thou bestow another Heart on me, I might ; but
with this Heart I have, I cannot.

D. Lop. These things are prodigious.

D. Ant. I have a kind of grudging to relent, but something holds me
back.

D. Lop. If we could, 'tis now too late ; I will not.

D. Ant. We desie thee.

Stat. Perish ye impious Wretches, go and find
The punishments laid up in store for you.

[*It Thunderers, Don Lopez and Don Antonio
are swallow'd up.*]

Behold their dreadful Fates, and know, that thy last Moment's come.

D. Job. Think not to fright me, foolish Ghost, I'll break your
Marble Body in pieces, and pull down your Horse.

Jac. If Fear has left me my Strength, I'll steal away.

D. Job. These things I see with Wonder, but no Fear.
Were all the Elements to be confounded,

And

And I went all into their former Chaos ;
Were Seas of Sulphur flaming round about me,
And all Machines roaring within those drest,
I could not fear or feel the least remorse.
To the last instant I would dare thy Power,
Here I stand firm, and all thy Threats contemn ;
Thy Murderer stands here, now do thy worst.

In Thunder and Lightens, Devils descend
and sink with Don John, who is cover'd
with a Cloud of Fire as he sinks.

Stat. Thus perish all
Those Men, who by their Words and Actions dare
Against the Will and Power of Heaven Declare.

Some friends

E.P.I.

(58)

EPILOGUE.

Spoken by *Facomo*.

with a Clog of Hix in the Valley
and King Miss Dan Jon, who com'd

Through all the Parts of the High-Priestly
But know not how you shal wash away
These new dangers now to be undone —

I had but one fierce Master there,
But I have many cruel Tyrants here.
Who do most bloudily my life pursue ;
Who takes my Livelihood, may take that too.
'Gainst little Players you great Actions raise,
Make Solemn Leagues and Cov'nants against Plays.
We, who by no Allies assisted are,
Against the Great Confederates must make War.
You need not strive our Province to o'r-run,
By our own stratagems we are undone.
We've laid out all our Pains, nay Wealth for you,
And yet, hard-hearted men, all will not do.
'Tis not your Judgments sway, for you can be
Pleas'd with damn'd Plays (as heart can wish to see)
'ounds, we do what we can, what wou'd you more ?
Why do you come, and rant, and damn, and roar ?
'Sdeath, what a Devil would you have us do ?
Jack take a Prison, and there humbly sue,
Angling for sing'e Money with a hook.
What, will you be Don Johns ? have you no remorse ?
Farewel then, bloudy men, and take your course.
Let stay —

If you'll be civil, we will treat of Peace,
And the Articles o'th' Treaty shall be these.
First, to the men of Wit we all submit ;
The rest shall swagger too within the Pit,
And may roar out their little or no Wit.
But do not swear so loud to fright the City,
Who neither care for wicked men, nor witty ;
They start at ills they do not like to do,
But shall in Shops be wickeder than you.

"Next, you'll no more be troubl'd with Machines;
Item, you shall appear behind our Scenes,
And there make love with the sweet chink of Guinnes,
The unrefus'd Eloquence of Ninnies.
Some of our Women shall be kind to you,
And promise free ingress and egress too:
But if the Faces which we have wön't do,
We will find out some of Sixteen for you.
We will be civil when nought else will win ye;
We will new bait our Trap, and that will bring ye.
"Come, faiblet all old breaches now be heal'd,
And the said Articles shall be Sign'd and Seal'd.

F I N I S.

TO be Sold by R. Bentley, J. Tonson, F. Saunders, and
J. Bennet, The Works of *Thomas Shadwell*, Poet Laureat,
or single, viz.

Sullen Lovers.

Humorists.

Royal Shepherdss.

Virtuoso.

Psychy.

Libertine.

Epsom Wells.

Timon of Athens.

Miser.

True Widow.

Lancashire Witches.

Woman Captain.

Squire of Alsatia.

Bury Fair.

Amorous Bigot.

Scowlers.

THEATER

On the 20th of October, 1863, the 10th Massachusetts Cavalry, under command of Col. Wm. C. Williams, left Boston for the front, and reached the city of Washington on the 22d, where they were received with a salute of 100 guns.

met. 68 (?)